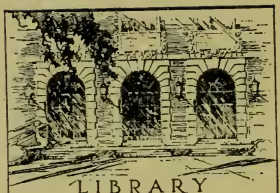

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ARTLESS TALES.

VOL. II.

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ARTLESS TALES:

BY

MRS. IVES HURRY.

IN THREE VOLUMES.

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1808.

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ARTLESS TALES.

VIRTUE ALONE IS HAPPINESS.

CAPTAIN PERCIVAL was the younger ſon of a noble family. His father conſidered the proviſion of every child but the heir of his titles as a robbery upon his eſtate; and he deſtined five ſons to be portionleſs, in order to enrich the elder with twelve thouſand a-year.

Nature had been more than commonly bountiful to Frederic. To quick parts, an excellent underſtanding, and a kind and generous heart, were added the graces of perſon, and a countenance marked by every feature of benevolence. He quitted the parental roof as a cornet of dragoons, and

with no other portion than his ſword and his honour, was left to toil the up-hill path of fame. He ſerved his country faithfully, and contended for her honour in many a hard-fought field.—Yet his merit was neglected—his ſervices forgotten; and many of his titled friends, with very inferior claims, were raiſed to the moſt honourable poſts. He could not but murmur, yet to murmur was vain. At length he was placed under a commander who was not blind to his merit; promotion quickly followed, and he was ſoon at the head of a company.

He had not long enjoyed his rank, when the war terminated; he was then abroad, but his regiment was ordered home, and he retired on his half-pay to a village in one of the ſouthern counties.

He had not long reſided here, when he became enamoured of a young lady, the only daughter of the clergyman of the pariſh. She was amiable—in the full bloom of youthful lovelineſs; and was not long inſenſible to the paſſion ſhe had inſpired.

ſpired. One only objection aroſe to this union of hearts and taſte—ſhe was portionleſs—her father, whoſe living did not exceed two hundred a-year, had never been able to accumulate wealth; and the ſmall portion he had received with his wife, had been expended on the liberal education of his daughter.

The captain, with all the ingenuouſneſs of his nature, attempted not to repreſent his circumſtances in a flattering manner; but he knew that riches and happineſs did not always unite. He looked back to his early years, to the proud magnificence of his father's caſtle; he ſickened of pomp, he was diſguſted with greatneſs, when he recollected how little happineſs he had there witneſſed; and that amidſt the ſplendour of riches, and the envied attractions of rank, diſcontent and jealouſy threw a cloud over the ſcene.

If he deferred his marriage till he poſſeſſed a fortune, he muſt, in all probability, end his days in celibacy. With this conviction, he uſed all his rhetoric to perſuade

the young lady to consent to his wishes—he at length succeeded, and they were united.

Happy in each other, contented with the good they possessed, and not seeking felicity alone in what was withheld, their days passed in that sweet serenity, which, though often described, is but rarely enjoyed.

Four years glided away, in which their felicity was increased by the birth of a son and daughter. These were the delight of their parents—the idol of their grandfather.

To this tranquillity, seemingly so perfect, the first check was conveyed by a rumour of war. The consequences were easily foreseen—the interruption of domestic comforts, in the separation of the little family, and the anxious fears endured by those who are nearly connected with the fate of a soldier. Mrs. Percival suffered both as a wife and mother; but seeing the struggle in her husband's breast, between affection and duty, she took the first opportunity of apprising him, that should a war take

take place, it was her intention to accompany him wherever he was ordered.

He endeavoured to diſſuade her from this; and repreſented, in the moſt lively terms, all the evils to which ſhe would be expoſed--the inconveniencies of a camp, and the danger of being ſituated on the borders of a hoſtile country.

She acknowledged the truth of his repreſentations, but declared, even under ſuch circumſtances, her chance of happineſs was much greater than it could be left in England. "Am I not a ſoldier's wife," ſaid ſhe, "and may I not be allowed to poſſeſs ſome courage? Becauſe I am a woman, muſt I neceſſarily be weak and helpleſs?"

They were not long kept in ſuſpenſe—war was declared, and the captain received orders to join his regiment.

They were ſitting at tea, on a lawn which fronted the houſe, when the letter arrived; in ſpite of every effort, it threw a gloom over the whole party; and this was the firſt melancholy evening they had paſſed.

Happily, however, they had no time for deliberation, no leiſure for regret. Every thing muſt be immediately arranged, for in a week, the captain was to join his regiment.

A purchaſer was ſoon found for the cottage and furniture, and the whole of the little domain was relinquiſhed. Theſe arrangements fully occupied their time till the day of their departure; when, after taking the moſt affectionate leave of the worthy rector, they quitted, with their dear children, a ſpot, where for more than four years, they had taſted almoſt uninterrupted happineſs. They reached London after a journey of three days, and here they were to ſtop, till the regiment received further orders.

Mrs. Percival had never been in London before—but ſhe liked not its appearance, and already ſighed for the quiet pleaſures of the country. To one, who was in ſearch neither of amuſement or novelty, a ſcene of ſuch diſſipation and buſtle, had few charms. She had not been many days in it, when ſhe

ſhe fancied her children ſuffered from the cloſeneſs of the air; and though, from the vicinity of their lodgings to the Park, ſhe was often enabled to take them there, yet this did not exhilirate them like the purer air of their native village. They remained about a fortnight in town, when the regiment was ordered to the Weſt Indies. This was a deſtination little to be deſired; as the unhealthy ſituation of the iſlands, made them the univerſal dread of Europeans.

Again the captain tried to diſſuade his wife from accompanying him; but ſhe was fixed in her reſolution—and was reſolved no adventitious circumſtances ſhould change it. She knew how much delight he had in her, and her children's ſociety—and ſhe was aware, his preſent ſituation demanded every comfort. As a matter of choice, ſhe would gladly have accompanied him elſewhere; but having once determined it was right to go, ſhe would ſuffer nothing to warp her from her original purpoſe.

As they were to embark at Portſmouth, they repaired immediately thither, and after a tedious, but not dangerous voyage, arrived at Jamaica.

The children had ſuffered, during the paſſage, from change of diet and the want of that liberty they had always been accuſtomed to; but the firſt care of their parents on getting on ſhore, was to remedy, as much as poſſible, evils, which had been unavoidable. They ranged, unconfined, the precincts around; and in a few weeks were as roſy, and as cheerful, as when they firſt left their native village.

Mrs. Percival, whoſe contented and well-regulated mind, taught her to find comforts in every ſituation, ſoon experienced many pleaſures, which ſhe had hardly dared to hope. The inſtruction and care of her children occupied her ſo fully, that ſhe had little time to form deſultory wiſhes; and when theſe pleaſures were ſhared by the captain, which they were, whenever he could command a few hours' leiſure,

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it repaid her for every deprivation it was poſſible ſhe could endure.

Amongſt the officers of the corps, a few were accompanied by their wives; and theſe made a little ſociety, which to Mrs. Percival was often very agreeable.

It happened, after ſhe had been ſome time in the iſland, that the captain was detached with a party againſt ſome refractory negroes—it was not only a dangerous, but a very unpleaſant expedition; and Mrs. Percival endured all the miſery which concealed anxiety imparts. She thought it right to ſupport her ſpirits in her huſband's preſence; but when he took leave of her, and ſhe had no longer any part to act, the anguiſh of her mind burſt forth. The children were in the room with her, and they fondly enquired, what was the matter with her? She made them no anſwer, but claſped them to her boſom, and in their innocent ſociety, endeavoured to forget the anxiety which weighed ſo heavily upon her ſpirits.

Several days paſſed, and no intelligence was received—and ſhe now firſt experienced the ſufferings of anticipated evil. At length the captain returned—but he had received a wound in his arm, which was for ſome time not only very painful, but very difficult to heal.—A cure was, however, effected, and he again headed his troops; but diſeaſes, incident to a tropical climate, had already thinned the regiments, and hardly had the captain recovered his ſtrength, when he was ſeized with an epidemic diſtemper—for many days his life was deſpaired of—Mrs. Percival attended him with the moſt unremitted attention, and ſcarcely quitted his apartment even to ſee her children.

During the criſis of the diſorder, ſhe watched with that agonizing ſolicitude, ſo often experienced by the couch of ſickneſs. Her prayers and her watchings were propitious, and heaven ſpared a life without which her own ſeemed valueleſs.

The firſt being the poor invalid recog-

nized, was his wife, ſitting by his bed-ſide. He endeavoured to ſpeak to her, but was unable; and could only feebly raiſe to his lips the hand which preſſed his. He looked at her with the fondeſt affection, and then his roving eye ſeemed to ſeek for his children. She underſtood the enquiry, and told him, when he was better able to bear exertion, they ſhould come into the room; but for the preſent, ſhe hoped he would endeavour to compoſe himſelf—he did ſo—and from this time mended daily.

The effects of ſo ſevere an illneſs were long felt, and made the more ſalubrious air of his native country moſt deſirable. A repreſentation of the ravages which ſickneſs had made had been ſent to England; and the time was now arrived, when an anſwer was daily expected.

Thoſe only, who reſide at a diſtance from their native country, know with what anxiety every information from thence is expected.—At length, ſhips arrived; but they brought no ſatisfactory intelligence. They had been chaced by a privateer, and

had thrown their diſpatches overboard. This was a great diſappointment to many, and to none more than to Mrs. Percival; who, in addition to anxiety on her huſband's account, wiſhed to reviſit her native country, to ſee her father, whom the laſt accounts had reported to be in a declining ſtate of health. As, however, they could now expect no change for ſeveral months, ſhe forbore to expreſs her wiſhes, but endeavoured, with her accuſtomed cheerfulneſs, to ſupport herſelf till the wiſhed-for period of departure arrived; and to find, even in the leaſt deſirable ſituation, ſomething to be grateful for.

As the long illneſs of the captain entirely diſabled him from active ſervice, almoſt the whole of his time was given to his wife and children; and in their happineſs and inſtruction, he found his greateſt pleaſure.

Frederic was now ſeven years old, and his ſiſter a year younger; and they had already made a conſiderable proficiency in the earlier branches of learning. Under the

the conſtant tuition of parents, equally ſedulous to form their minds to every virtuous habit, as to ſtore them with uſeful information, their characters were formed in a degree not uſual to children. Treated not as playthings, but as rational beings, and accuſtomed to that indulgence which, whilſt it excludes fear, commands reſpect, they regarded their parents with equal love and veneration.

At the end of three months, ſhips arrived from England, and brought with them the pleaſing intelligence that the troops were to be relieved. The tranſports followed with the regiments which took their ſtation. Every thing was ſoon ready for their departure; and a favourable wind, in a few weeks, wafted them to England.

Once more in that land, where ſo ardently, though ſecretly, Mrs. Percival had deſired to be, ſhe loſt no time in haſtening to her native village, and her dear father.

She arrived with her huſband and children at the parſonage, three days after their landing in England. The worthy rector

rector was transported to see them; he could do nothing but tell them so, and caress his grand-children.

Had their little cottage been uninhabited, they would gladly have taken possession of it, even for the few months the captain had leave of absence; but this was not the case, and they made their abode at the parsonage.

The salubrity of the air soon restored to the captain his wonted health and strength; but it had not the same effect upon his wife. She visibly drooped; though she could assign no reason for so doing, and answered to the anxious enquiries of those about her, that she was wholly free from pain, and never felt better. Indeed her constant cheerfulness attested this truth—but still she looked ill; and whether it proceeded from the anxiety she had endured, or whether from some latent malady, she survived the birth of her third child but a few hours. The poor babe did not outlive her, and only opened its eyes to close them in eternity.

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So ſhort was the period of her ſufferings, ſo little the ſpace between her appearing with her family, and being a corpſe, that for many hours, the captain could not believe the reality of the deprivation. He continued by her bed-ſide, and ſtill held her hand; but at length the truth forced itſelf upon his mind, and in all the agonies of certainty, he was but too ſenſible that every hope was over.

For ſeveral days he could not be perſuaded to quit the chamber, as his only conſolation was in looking at thoſe features ſtill ſo dear, and which he had never contemplated but with the fondeſt affection.

Memory, ever moſt tenacious, when moſt agonizing, preſented to him every circumſtance moſt intimately connected with the object of his regret. Every recollected deed—every word—every thought, marked the excellence of her heart, the ſtrength of her judgment, the ſincerity of her affections. The more he contemplated, the more irreparable was his loſs; and though his grief was neither loud nor ungo-

ungovernable, it presented to him a dark picture of the future, which no ray, he thought, could illumine.

At length the day of the funeral arrived. —Those who have wept the death of a beloved friend, know but too well how dreadful is that moment, which seems the final separation of all which remains. Whilst the corpse was in the house, he had still something left, some remnant of what must be ever dear—but when the bell tolled its heavy peal, and the measured steps of the attendants, the ill-concealed bustle of the moment, sounded on his ear, his anguish could be restrained no longer, and groans of heart-felt sorrow burst from him. He rushed into the room, from which the corpse had been removed, with a sort of frenzied hope that it might yet be there. He did not proceed many steps, before he was arrested by the unexpected appearance of his children. He had scarcely seen them since their mother's death—they were standing by the side of the bed, weeping, and holding each other's hands.

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He ſnatched them to his boſom, and bedewed them with convulſive tears. They wept alſo; but Frederic, trying to recover himſelf, took his father's hand, begged him not to cry—" for though mamma was dead, ſhe was gone to be very happy—his grandpapa told him ſo, who always ſpoke the truth. But will you go to grandpapa?" continued he, " you can conſole him, though we cannot; and indeed he is very unhappy." The captain made no anſwer—but he took his children in his hand, and repaired to the ſtudy. He found the venerable mourner greatly—deeply affected; but in the ſoothing power of religion he ſought relief; and in the certainty that, dreadful to him as was the deprivation, it was ordered for ſome wiſe end, he ſeemed to find his conſolation. " That gracious being," ſaid he, " who gives, and takes away, wills only the happineſs of his creatures; and however, to our finite comprehenſion, his decrees are obſcured in darkneſs, they are nevertheleſs indiſputably right. That the tender mother,

ther, the affectionate wife, the dutiful daughter, ſhould be taken away, whilſt a thouſand worthleſs beings are ſpared, is indeed inſcrutable; but that reliance on eternal wiſdom, which is our beſt ſupport, may convince us, it is to anſwer the wiſeſt purpoſe. The great Director of every event cannot err.—The bittereſt afflictions of his creatures are often their moſt purifying trials." By converſations ſuch as theſe, the good old man endeavoured to lull the deep grief of his ſon; and in ſome meaſure he ſucceeded.

The children of a wife ſo beloved were doubly dear, and were now the chief companions of their father.

From the ſad delight he taſted in their ſociety, he was firſt arouzed by notice from the war office, that the period which had been allowed him for recovering his health, was elapſed; that the regiment was recruited, and ordered again on foreign ſervice. He received this information with awakened anguiſh; it brought to his recollection the period, when in happier times,

times, his beloved Emma had prepared to be the partner of his fatigues and danger; when with cheerfulneſs ſhe ſupported inconveniencies, which before ſhe had never known, and ſubmitted to deprivations few of her ſex could have borne. His loſs in her made it neceſſary for him to relinquiſh the ſociety of his children, as they could no longer be the companions of his wanderings, without that maternal care which had before guarded them. Yet to leave them was to deprive himſelf of the ſweeteſt ſolace his widowed ſtate afforded.

So pure, however, was his affection, that all feelings, in which only himſelf was concerned, yielded to what he thought their real benefit. To leave them with their grandfather, ſeemed the only plan he could adopt, though even this was not without objections. The advanced age, and retired ſituation, of the worthy rector, which precluded almoſt every poſſibility of improvement, except what was derived from him, were conſiderable objections: yet they were more than counterbalanced, by the parental care

care and uniform attentions he knew they would experience.

To adjuſt theſe matters, ſo as to leave the beloved objects of his care as little as poſſible expoſed to the caſualties of life, was his firſt and chief concern.

The propoſal of leaving them, was moſt delightful to their grandfather; and he promiſed all the attention which he was able to impart. "Every thing in regard to their education," he ſaid, "ſhould be conducted on the ſame plan as had before been purſued, and he doubted not it would be attended with ſimilar ſucceſs." Nor did his ſon doubt this—but the bitter pang which agitated his boſom, when he reflected he was leaving his children for a term of years, which muſt be indefinite, ſpoke only the anguiſh of the parent.

The period of his departure ſoon arrived —the chaiſe drove to the door—his children clung around him to receive a laſt embrace. "God bleſs, and preſerve you!" ſaid he, with emphaſis, as he lifted his eyes to Heaven—a tear ſtood in them—

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it trickled down his cheek—he bruſhed it haſtily away, and folding the beloved objects of his ſolicitude in an agonized embrace, he threw himſelf into the chaiſe, and ordered the poſtilion to drive on.

The firſt object which rouzed him, was not calculated to calm his emotions—the road wound round the church-yard, from which a quickſet hedge alone ſeparated it. In one corner, a neat marble ſtone had been erected over the grave of his ſainted Emma; his eye fixed upon it, and he ſaw no other object. It was ſhaded by cypreſs, and a few willows had been recently planted. The rays of the ſun fell upon them, and ſhone upon the ſpot which he regarded with ſuch veneration. "So calm, ſo benign," ſaid he, "were the rays which burſt from thy boſom; no ſtormy paſſions dwelt there, all was ſunſhine, innocence, and peace—but thou art gone! no ray of thine falls on my widowed heart. Yet, we ſhall meet—ſhall be re-united where death never points his barbed dart, and ſorrow and ſeparation are unknown."

From the lethargy of grief which followed theſe reflections, he was firſt arouzed by his entrance into London. He had given orders to be driven to an hôtel he had long frequented, and where, in his laſt ſojourn, he was accompanied by his Emma. He ſighed deeply, as every recollected object preſented her to his imagination; and, in all the bitterneſs of ſolitary affliction, retired to his apartment.

He buſied himſelf the next day in making purchaſes of books, &c. for his children, and ſent them immediately into the country.

The few arrangements he had to make, previous to his departure, were ſoon finiſhed; he had not, as before, accommodations to ſuggeſt for a beloved wife; for himſelf, he was careleſs of all indulgencies; and had it not been in the hope of promoting the future intereſts of his children, he had never more returned to the tumultuous ſcenes of war.

The period of his departure ſoon arrived;

rived; he joined his gayer companions, and with anxious wiſhes for the welfare of his ſtill-remaining treaſures, bade a long and ſad adieu to England.

As the expedition, upon which he was going, was kept a profound ſecret, conjecture only could be formed of its deſtination; but this was ſo various, and ſo vague, that the captain, indifferent whither he was tranſported, as he muſt be ſeparated from his children, ſcarcely intereſted himſelf to think about it.

In the mean time, his abſence was ſeverely felt at the parſonage; his children, who had never before been ſeparated from him, mourned his departure with the ſincereſt regret; but the kind attentions of their grandfather, was their beſt ſolace, and in a few weeks reſtored them to that tranquillity which ſo peculiarly belonged to their age. They reſumed their former employments, and their former amuſements; and though they always ſpoke of their father with the fondeſt affection, and already looked forward, with anticipated pleaſure,

pleaſure, to the period of his return, yet they enjoyed the intervening time; and happy in that innocence which knows no alloy, and thoſe pleaſures which had few drawbacks, days, weeks, and months paſſed, and they were at length gratified by letters from him. Theſe were dated Malta. He ſpoke of his ſituation as being as comfortable as he could expect, and repeated his hopes that they would ſo conduct themſelves, as to make the taſk impoſed upon their grandfather as light as poſſible. "Docility and attention," ſaid he, "will take from the fatigue of inſtruction, and not only be the beſt means of ſecuring your own improvement, but ſhew your venerable inſtructor that you are ſenſible of all the obligations you owe him. You cannot, at preſent, appreciate the value of many things you are required to learn; do not, therefore, becauſe you ſee no immediate benefit reſult from your ſtudies, deem them of no importance; time and circumſtances will develope their utility, and make you hereafter rejoice, that the important period

of

of youth, has not been paſſed in idle amuſements, or in purſuits ſuperficially acquired."

Frederic and Emma were equally delighted at receiving theſe aſſurances of their father's ſafety and remembrance, and they reſpected too highly his counſels, not to endeavour to follow them. Their conduct was the beſt proof that they duly appreciated them, and gave to their kind grandfather the higheſt ſatisfaction.

Though he had untertaken the charge of them with pleaſure, there had been moments when he had doubted his ability to bear with the waywardneſs of childhood, and the high ſpirits of youth; but their conduct ſoon diſpelled theſe fears, and made the office he had charged himſelf with, an office only of pleaſure. Kind and affectionate in their diſpoſitions, eager upon all occaſions to exert every effort to pleaſe, they neither by inattention nor indocility increaſed the labour of inſtruction. Accuſtomed to love thoſe with whom they lived, though they preſerved the tendereſt

regard for the captain, they looked up to their grandfather as the being from whom they were to derive happineſs, and to whom they owed gratitude. This was no effort; they loved, as much as they reſpected him, and behaved towards him, not merely with fondneſs, but with thoſe uniform attentions which are ſo peculiarly grateful in declining life. When they had finiſhed their ſtudies, they amuſed themſelves either in the garden or in rambles about the fields. They had been one morning walking with their grandfather, who, feeling himſelf fatigued, found a ſeat under a ſpreading oak, whilſt his gay companions amuſed themſelves in gathering flowers, and in gambols on the graſs. Whilſt they were thus employed, a party of children paſſed from the village ſchool, to all of whom Frederic was known. "Joe," ſaid he, to a ſturdy boy, of no pleaſing aſpect, "why did you meddle with that linnet's neſt in our yew-tree hedge? If you frighten the old birds, they will forſake the neſt, and then the little ones will be ſtarved; beſide Emma

and I have a great deal of pleaſure in watching them."

"I'm ſure I didn't meddle with them, Maſter Frederic," ſaid the boy, in ſome confuſion, and he walked on.

"Now that is not the truth," ſaid Frederic; "William was in the garden this morning, weeding the ſtrawberries, and he ſaw him; he was going to take the neſt, but William called to him to go away."

"I hope he will not take it," ſaid Emma, in a voice of perturbation; "for I love the old birds, and I am almoſt ſure they are the ſame that built there laſt year, and uſed to ſing ſo ſweetly under dear Mamma's window."

"Do not be afraid," replied Frederic; "I will take care and watch, and William has promiſed me to do the ſame."

Their grandfather, who had liſtened in ſilence to this converſation, now told them he thought it was time to return; they accordingly directed their ſteps to the parſonage.

Various occupations prevented them from obſerving the objects of their care on the morrow, but the following morning they went early to the hedge, and to their infinite grief, found the neſt and neſtlings gone, and the old birds fluttering about in great diſtreſs. Joe was inſtantly believed to be the purloiner, and William, to conſole his young maſter and miſtreſs, as he called the children, undertook to make him give up his booty.

Immediately after breakfaſt, he ſet off on his expedition, accompanied by Frederic and Emma. It was a delightful morning in the beginning of May—the air was calm, and vegetation wore its gayeſt tints. The lark, as he ſoared in the ſunſhine, carolled his gayeſt ſtrains, which were not interrupted by a paſſing breeze. "Ah!" ſaid Emma, as ſhe liſtened, and a tear ſtood in her eye, "our dear linnets ſung almoſt as well, before they loſt their little ones." Her brother endeavoured to comfort her with the hope of yet recovering the neſt; ſhe ſaid, "ſhe feared if they did,

did, the old ones would not return to it."

The cottage in which Joe's father reſided, was on the ſkirts of the common; and Frederic, when they came in ſight of it, ran before with impatient indignation. Two ragged, half-ſtarved children, were playing at the door—"Where is your brother?" demanded Frederic, haſtily.

"I don't know," anſwered one of the children; "he and daddy have been out theſe two days, and mammy is gone with little Bill."

William was by this time advanced to the cottage, and having aſked the ſame queſtion, he received a ſimilar anſwer.

"Well," ſaid he, "I hardly know how to believe that, for I durſt have ſworn that young rogue took the neſt, for he is one of the vagranteſt boys in the village. Howſomdever, if tis'nt he, 'tis ſome one elſe; but he is more likely than any body I know." He then turned to the children, and aſked them, in a ſtern tone, if they ſpoke the truth.

" I tell you," ſaid the elder boy, " they went the day before yeſterday, and mammy did'nt come home laſt night. Jem and me were main hungry, for we had nothing to eat, only we found a cruſt in the cupboard."

" Poor things!" ſaid Emma, and putting her hand in her pocket, ſhe drew out a penny. She gave it to the children, and then departed, much diſappointed at this termination of her hopes. She could not help watching the old birds the whole day; and their grief ſeemed ſo evident, that ſhe ſaid, " ſhe was ſure, if thoſe who had taken the neſt had any idea of it, they would never have touched it." Her brother thought the ſame; but though he did not like to indulge ſuſpicions, he could not help believing Joe was the culprit.

A few days after, as they were wandering about the fields in the vicinity of the parſonage, Emma expreſſed a deſire for ſome very beautiful woodbines, which were twined round an oak in the hedge. Her brother, ever ready to oblige her, immediately

diately climbed the tree, and was deſcending with the flowers in his hand, when he diſcovered in the hawthorn hedge, a bird's neſt. He ſtopped to look at it, but what was his indignant regret, when he recogniſed the linnet's neſt, which had been the ſubject of ſo much concern. The little birds were ſtill in it, but they were lying on their backs, with their bills open, and had evidently been ſtarved to death.

"Is it poſſible," ſaid Frederic, "that anybody could be ſo inhuman. Whoever they were, they muſt have done it from mere wantonneſs."

"They did not ſee the old birds," ſaid Emma, wiping her eyes; "they had no idea of what they ſuffered." She took the neſt, and covered her frock over it. "It is not poſſible," ſaid ſhe, "the old birds ſhould know them now—if they could—" here her tears flowed afreſh. They returned to the parſonage, and related to their grandfather all which had paſſed.

Joe and his father returned the next day; but the former, who was very ill with a ſprain he had received in his hip, proteſted in ſuch a ſolemn manner, he had not even touched the neſt, that Frederic no longer ſuſpected him: the matter was given up, and in a ſhort time almoſt forgotten. A trifling circumſtance, however, brought the truth to light; and was one proof more, amongſt the many which daily occur, that the wicked are always liable to detection, even when they think themſelves moſt ſecure.

The firſt of June was Emma's birth day, and in order to pleaſe and gratify her, her grandfather had invited many of the little villagers to ſpend the day at the parſonage. Amongſt them was a couſin of Joe's, whoſe induſtry, good temper, and other excellent qualities, made him generally eſteemed and beloved. Joe alone hated him—he felt the virtues of his couſin the ſtrongeſt reproach of his own vices, and he never ſaw him but to feel ſo abaſhed in his preſence,

preſence, that, at length, he never willingly ſaw him at all. It however, ſo happened, that one afternoon they accidentally met—Joe would have avoided his couſin, but it was not poſſible. His intention was viſible—and James accoſted him with that friendſhip which upon all occaſions diſtinguiſhed him.

"Joe," ſaid he, "where do you contrive to hide yourſelf? I never ſee you either at play or at work."

"I don't know," anſwered Joe, ſurlily, "father makes me work ſometimes, though I can tell you, I am not very fond of it; but I am going this afternoon to the fair, and we ſhall ſtay two days, ſo I ſhall have a little time there for play, for I have no great matters now, father is ſo ill-tempered."

"But you do not mean to take that bird's neſt with you, do you? what will you do with it?

Joe, who had covered the neſt with a ragged piece of canvas which was tied round him, thought he had ſo concealed it,

that it was impoſſible his couſin ſhould diſcover it. He was much diſconcerted by this ſpeech, for he did not recollect that the chirping of the poor deſerted little birds might betray him.

"Why, I ſuppoſe it's nothing to you; you might as well be minding your buſineſs, as enquiring after things which do not concern you; and I can tell you, I ſhall anſwer none of your queſtions."

So ſaying, he ran home; and left his couſin to lament the fate of the poor birds, which, as he was a kind-hearted boy, he ſincerely did.

Now Joe had long wiſhed for the neſt, and the prohibition of Frederic had rather increaſed than checked this wiſh; he feared if he deferred it, he ſhould not be able to take it at all; he therefore ſauntered towards the parſonage, and ſeeing no one in the garden, took the neſt, and haſtened home with it; but his difficulty now was, what to do with it; he was certain Frederic would miſs, and come to him to enquire for it, for which reaſon he dared not

not leave it with his little brother, nor put it any where, where it might poſſibly be ſeen; in ſhort, now he was in poſſeſſion of it, he heartily wiſhed he had not taken it; and as his father ſoon after returned, and ſaid he was ready to ſet off, Joe ran with the utmoſt precipitation, and put the neſt in the hedge of an adjoining field, leaving the poor birds to ſtarve without compunction. Anxious that the neſt ſhould not be ſeen, or at leaſt that it ſhould appear to have been built there, he aſcended a tree, in order to get down by its branches, and reach the middle of the hedge. This he effected—and had re-aſcended, when the ſound of his father's voice urged him to jump in haſte from the topmoſt bough; he had frequently done the ſame, and had no fear, but whether he took leſs care than uſual, or his foot ſlipped before he had made his ſpring, he fell with ſuch violence, as occaſioned him conſiderable pain. He tried to riſe—but for ſome minutes was unable. At that moment his couſin paſſed,

and with great good-nature aſked what was the matter with him.

He anſwered, he had hurt himſelf ſo much in jumping from the tree, he could hardly walk.

" Take hold of my arm, then."

He did ſo, and they reached the cottage; he was in a great deal of pain, but his eagerneſs to go to the fair made him conceal it as well as he could, and ſoon after he and his father ſet off. It was with the utmoſt difficulty, and increaſing pain, that he was able to walk; his father was angry that he lagged behind, and two or three times threatened to ſend him back—in vain he exerted himſelf—every ſtep made him worſe; and when, at length, he arrived at his couſin's, he was obliged to aſk leave to go to bed. This was readily granted; and he lay in dreadful pain, unable to ſleep, equally kept awake by what he ſuffered, and the noiſy merriment of the gueſts below. He now bitterly lamented having taken the neſt, and as he lay crying by himſelf,

ſelf, inſtead of enjoying the pleaſures, which otherwiſe he might have ſhared, he determined, if ever he was well again, he would no more commit the bad actions which had hitherto marked his life.

During the time he was at his couſin's, he was unable to riſe. The long walk had increaſed the pain and inflammation in his hip; and though his aunt rubbed it with opodeldoc, which in ſome meaſure relieved it, he was obliged to return in the butcher's cart.

Every one was amazed to ſee how he was altered: his mother went to the neighbouring apothecary to beg ſomething for him, and to requeſt the gentleman to ſee him. He went to the cottage, and after examining the hurt, ſaid, "the boy would be lame all his life." This was dreadful information, and Joe wept bitterly. His mother, who had neither inclination nor leiſure for nurſing, ſcolded him perpetually for the trouble he gave her; at length he was ſo weak and low, that the apothecary ſaid, he ought to have ſomething nouriſhing.

His

His parents had nothing of the kind to give him, and therefore thought of applying at the parſonage.

It was on the afternoon of the day when the little group were aſſembled, that Joe's mother arrived. Mr. Waller kindly enquired what was the matter with her ſon.

"Why Sir," replied the woman, "I believe ſomething of a fall, but he's always in one miſchief or another; and as far as I can learn, he is like to be lame of this all his life."

"But why did you not look to it ſooner, and aſk for help? perhaps ſomething might have relieved it, if it had been applied at firſt."

"So I ſaid, Sir; and I wiſhed to ax advice of your honour's houſekeeper, but I don't know why, Joe would never let me."

At this moment Frederic and James entered the room.

"How is Joe?" aſked the latter, addreſſing the woman.

"How?"

"How?" continued she, "bad enough. I'm like to have to nurse him half his life, and the other half, I suppose he will be good for nothing."

"Do you know how he got his hurt?" asked Mr. Waller.

"Sir," said James, "he was jumping from the oak which stands in the hedge of Farmer Sutton's five acre close, and he sprained his hip, and then walked with his father to the fair."

"Why that," said Frederic, thoughtfully, "is the oak which I climbed to get Emma some flowers, when I saw our poor dead linnet's nest."

"I've a sort of notion," replied James, "he'd been after a nest, for I know he had one that day, only he would not let me see it."

"Oh! grandpapa," exclaimed Frederic, "it must then have been he who took our linnet's nest, though he told me he did not touch it; and if so, he was rightly punished for telling such a falsehood; I do not mean, neither," added he,

he, thoughtfully, "that he ſhould have been quite ſo much hurt, if he is likely to be lame all his life, but it was very cruel of him to take it."

The woman enquired the particulars of the affair, which ſhe was inſtantly informed of; and having received what ſhe came for, ſhe departed, ſaying as ſhe went, "if ſhe could believe Joe had been ſo wicked, ſhe would get his father to drub him ſoundly, ill as he was."

When ſhe was gone, Frederic enquired of James all he knew of the matter, and could no longer doubt who was the real purloiner of the birds; and though his reſentment was much ſubdued by what had been ſuffered, the action, and the deceit which followed, were ſo wicked, that he could think of little elſe. He told Emma the diſcovery—ſhe hardly believed it, and did not think even Joe would have been guilty of ſuch actions.

The day paſſed in much feſtivity, and the little group ſeparated in the evening to their reſpective homes.

The

The next morning after breakfaſt, Mr. Waller propoſed to his grandchildren to walk and ſee Joe. Emma would gladly have been excuſed, for ſhe ſaid, " as he was ſo ill, ſhe did not wiſh to ſeem unkind to him, and he was ſuch a wicked boy, it was impoſſible to like him."

Her grandfather repeated his wiſh for her company, and ſhe made no farther objection.

Before they reached the cottage, they heard the voice of Joe's father, talking in a loud and angry tone—and they ſoon diſtinguiſhed enough of his converſation, to find it was directed to his ſon. Some of the younger children were at the door, and ſeeing who was advancing, ran to tell their father. He, imagining they were coming on account of the theft Joe had committed, left the cottage abruptly by another door, and when Mr. Waller entered, he found it deſerted by all but Joe. He was ſitting in an old wicker chair by the ſide of the hearth, very pale, and much altered. He

was

was crying and ſobbing in a moſt violent manner;—Mr. Waller aſked him how he did, but he could make no anſwer but by his tears. Taking a chair, and ſitting down by him, the good old gentleman thus addreſſed him. "If I did not think your ſufferings were wholly the conſequence of your bad conduct, I ſhould at this moment ſincerely pity you; but as it is, I can only tell you, that if you purſue the evil courſe which hitherto you have run, what you now ſuffer will be light, in compariſon of what you may have to endure. Frederic requeſted you not to take the neſt, becauſe he and his ſiſter wiſhed to preſerve the birds; after promiſing that you would not, you took them, and then cruelly left them to ſtarve. The accident which happened to you, and which I find you are likely to ſuffer from a long while, if not for your whole life, may teach you that every evil action brings its puniſhment; and though you flatter yourſelf guilty deeds are often unſeen and unknown, be aſſured there

there is an eye which is never clofed, and a being from whom nothing is hid, however fecretly committed."

Joe, in a voice fcarcely articulate, faid he was very forry for what he had done, and would never more either tell a lie, or take what did not belong to him.

"I hope," faid Mr. Waller, "you will adhere to that refolution; your happinefs and refpectability in this life depend upon it, and that which is of far greater importance, can never be infured without it—I mean the happinefs of a world to come; for there, the wicked never enter—there, the offending culprit finds no admiffion."

"As he is forry for what he has done, I forgive him, grandpapa, with all my heart," cried Frederic.

"And fo do I," faid Emma; "and we will do every thing we can to make him well."

"You are very kind, my dear children; and I hope Joe will get well, and convince us he is deferving of forgivenefs. He has

ſuffered already a great deal, and will, perhaps, ſuffer much more, but what we can do to relieve him, we will."

Joe thanked them, and ſaid he had endured ſo much, he hoped the worſt was over, for he had no eaſe, night nor day.

Mr. Waller exhorted him to patience, and promiſed to ſee him frequently till he was better. They ſoon after returned to the parſonage, diſcourſing, as they went along, upon the exemplary puniſhment which had followed Joe's crime.

Mr. Waller failed not in his promiſe to viſit him frequently, and ſent him victuals and other neceſſaries. It was long before he was able to move without aſſiſtance; his ſufferings were greatly increaſed by the conſciouſneſs of having deſerved them, and the reproaches and unkindneſs of his parents. They grumbled at the trouble he gave them, and the expence which his illneſs occaſioned; and very often, when his father came home intoxicated, and found him ſitting in the wicker chair, he would beat him, and deſire him to get up

and

and work, and not expect to be maintained in idleneſs. This treatment at length became ſo frequent, that his ſpirits were quite broken, and had it not been for the kindneſs of Emma and Frederic, he would have been without conſolation; but they uſed to read to him, to carry him victuals, and endeavour to ſolace and comfort him.

One morning when they entered, he was crying—they very kindly aſked the cauſe. He told them he thought if he had a pair of crutches, he could get out, and he had aſked his father to buy him a pair.

"And what did he ſay?" aſked Frederic.

"Why Sir, he told me, if he did buy me a pair, they ſhould be to break my head with, and that I muſt earn the money, before I aſked for any thing."

"Well," ſaid Frederic, "do not cry any more about that; grandpapa I know is going to Mr. Jolliffs, the carpenter, this morning, and for fear he ſhould be gone,

I will

I will run acroſs the fields, and aſk him to get you a pair. I ſhall not be five minutes, and Emma, I know, will ſtay till I come back."

So ſaying, he ſet off, and was not long before he returned.

"Well," ſaid he, as ſoon as he recovered his breath, "you may depend upon having a pair in a day or two; grandpapa has promiſed me, and you know he never breaks his word."

The next morning but one, the crutches were brought, and Joe managed to go to the parſonage very tolerably. "He came there," he ſaid, "firſt, becauſe he had ſo much to thank Mr. Waller, and Maſter and Miſs Percival for, and he hoped if they could employ him in any little matter, they would. He thought he could weed, and do any thing of that ſort, which did not require him to ſtand."

Mr. Waller was much pleaſed to ſee in him this induſtrious inclination, and telling him he might ſtop and get his dinner, added, "if he would really give up his bad

bad propenſities, he might depend upon meeting with encouragement."

He did not return home till night, and then felt, as he hobbled back, that he had not ſpent ſo happy a day for many weeks. He was the next morning to begin weeding, and he aroſe as ſoon as it was light; he continued at his work very attentively till the uſual hour of leaving off; and then, though from his long confinement and ſufferings he was much weakened, and conſequently very tired, yet his mind was ſo much more cheerful than it had ever been before, that when he laid down his weary head at night, he felt happy in the conſciouſneſs that he had committed no action in the courſe of the day, for which he had occaſion to be aſhamed. He continued to purſue the ſame conduct, and was ſoon by experience convinced, how much happier are the good than the wicked. Yet he often felt very ſeverely the conſequences of his former bad conduct, not only in the pain and lameneſs of his hip, but from the opinion which almoſt every one

one in the village, except his friends at the parſonage, ſtill had of him. Some ſaid his amendment was only aſſumed, the better to deceive; others, that he was not really lame, but pretended to be ſo, that he might not be obliged to work hard; and never was an orchard robbed, or any miſdemeanour committed, of which he was not believed to be the chief depredator. He bore all theſe charges and the taunts of his companions with ſilent regret, but ſometimes his patience was exhauſted, and his indignation arouzed.

As he was returning from his work one evening, ſomewhat later than uſual, he paſſed an orchard belonging to a farmer, whoſe ſon was more than commonly rancorous againſt him. The path was not much frequented, but it was the ſhorteſt way to the cottage. As he paſſed along, two fine apples, which had fallen from the tree, lay in the road; he picked them up, with the intention of eating them. They were quite ripe, and to him, who was hot and thirſty, offered a delicious treat.

treat. He held them in his hand, and was lifting them to his mouth, " no," ſaid he, ſuddenly recollecting himſelf, " I will not touch them; if any one ſhould ſee me, they would ſay I had ſtolen them." He dropped them from his hand—at the ſame moment, he felt a violent blow acroſs his ſhoulders, which almoſt threw him to the ground. He turned inſtantly, and perceived the farmer's ſon. His lameneſs, his forbearance, all were forgotten—he ſprang at the boy, and with one blow levelled him to the ground.

" What do you mean," ſaid Joe, who had now time to recover breath, " by ſtriking me in that manner?"

His antagoniſt made no anſwer, but by ſcreaming ſo violently, as ſoon brought his father to him. He enquired the cauſe of the uproar, and was informed, his ſon had ſtruck Joe for ſtealing apples.

Joe proteſted he had not ſtolen any; the two, which ſtill lay by him, he found in the road, and there he meant to leave them.

" A very likely ſtory, indeed, that," ſaid the farmer, " in ſuch as you, whom every body knows to be one of the greateſt thieves in the village."

" I have ſtolen nothing from you," ſaid Joe, indignantly, and taking up his crutch, was walking home; but the farmer, whoſe paſſions this anſwer had inflamed, ſeized it, and giving him ſeveral ſevere blows, told him " they might cure him of thieving, and reward him not only for the apples he had then taken, but for what he had got two nights before, when the orchard was almoſt ſtripped."

Joe had no redreſs; and as he crawled home, ſmarting with pain, and covered with bruiſes, he thought it very cruel to ſuffer thus, when he was innocent. He did not know, till experience taught him, that thoſe who have once been wicked, muſt live a long time in the moſt exemplary manner, before they can acquire a good name; and even then, there will always be ill-tempered, malicious perſons, who would much rather remember evil actions, than good.

As

As he entered the cottage, he was obſerved by his father, who was, as uſual, much intoxicated.

" What!" ſaid he, " you have been at your old tricks; you'll never leave them off, I believe, till you get your neck broke."

Joe made no anſwer, but taking from his pocket a piece of bread, which Emma had given him, ate it, and went to bed.

His face the next morning, was ſo ſwollen, that as ſoon as Frederic entered the garden, he obſerved it, and enquired the cauſe. He was told the whole affair, and as the good conduct of Joe had entirely obliterated from the mind of Frederic every bad impreſſion, he was quite indignant at ſuch unjuſt conduct, and declared he would immediately inform his grandpapa, who, he hoped, would treat the farmer as he deſerved.

" You are very kind-hearted, maſter Frederic," ſaid Joe; " but there's very few people ſhew me any kindneſs, but what I meet here; however, whilſt I do

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nothing bad, it does not ſo much hurt me."

Frederic was too hearty in the cauſe, to defer the retribution he thought due; he ran to his grandfather, and ſolicited his intereſt. Mr. Waller very readily undertook to ſpeak to the farmer, but at the ſame time aſſured his grandſon, he had no very ſanguine hopes of ſucceſs. The event proved he was right; the farmer, in anſwer to all that was urged in favour of Joe, mentioned his notorious character, and ſaid, it was very unlikely ſuch a boy ſhould change all of a ſudden, and become good, only becauſe he had a lame hip.

Frederic, who was preſent, was very angry to hear his favourite ſo defamed, and warmly declared he would anſwer for Joe's honeſty, adding, "it was very hard the poor fellow ſhould always be ſuſpected, becauſe he had once been bad."

"As to that, Maſter Frederic," replied the farmer, "I take you to be no great judge; and it does not look well in you to defend ſuch a ragamuffin."

Frederic, the colour mounting to his cheeks, was beginning an angry reply, but his grandfather ſtopped him, by mildly ſaying, " it is I, Mr. Sandford, who in this caſe, wiſh to defend him, becauſe I think him injured. You are right in your idea, that the wicked are objects of deteſtation, but we ſhould always remember that the penitent and reformed have the ſtrongeſt claim to our protection and kindneſs."

" Why, as to the matter of that, Sir, I make bold to differ from you; for at that rate, we ſhould have nothing but rogues and vagabonds in the place. My idea is, that a thief and a liar are never to be truſted; and what I ſay, is this, if my dog has been mad, I hang him, becauſe, though he may ſeem cured, 'tis ten to one but he goes mad again."

" If," replied Mr. Waller, " your opinions were general, how ſhould we ever be able to live in the world, and whom might we truſt, ſince, I fear, there are few amongſt us, who, at ſome time or other, have not committed actions, which call

for mercy and forgiveneſs? The great pattern of all excellence, ſaid, "I come not to call the righteous, but ſinners to repentance;" and if he, who in himſelf knew not iniquity, was thus forgiving, how much more ought we to be, who have in ourſelves ſuch call for mercy?

The farmer ſhook his head; and ſaying it was very good doctrine, but would not do in life, endeavoured to change the ſubject, by mentioning ſome improvements he was making in his farm, and requeſted Mr. Waller to look at them. This he readily acceded to; but Frederic would not accompany them—he diſliked the farmer, and cared nothing for his improvements; and taking the road home, he met Emma, to whom he related all that had paſſed. She thought his anger againſt the farmer juſt, but was vexed he had left his grandfather, whoſe pleaſure in their ſociety manifeſted itſelf upon every occaſion. They ſauntered about, till they ſaw him coming, and then ran to meet him. He gently chid Frederic for his warmth, and told him,

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it was by reaſon and mildneſs alone, that he could ever expect to change or correct the opinions of others.

Little that was remarkable paſſed in the five ſucceeding years. Letters were received with more punctuality than could have been expected, whilſt the captain remained at Malta; but when, inſtead of returning home, as he had expected, his regiment was moved into Egypt, communication became more difficult. Yet no opportunity was omitted on either ſide, of writing. The fond father, from the ſpecimens he received, doubted not the improvement of his children; and they, in the preſents which were ſent, in the letters which accompanied them, were aſſured, that though ſo long ſeparated, they were cheriſhed with the fondeſt affection.

At length, the welcome information arrived, that the regiment was ordered home. Frederic and Emma, delighted at the idea of being again united to a parent, of whom every recollection was mixed

with ſome endearing claim, neither talked nor thought of any thing elſe. The weeks, the days, the hours, were counted. Every letter made their boſoms reſpond with hope, in the belief that it announced his arrival—every ſtranger who appeared in the village, awakened the flutter of fond expectation. All which could contribute to his pleaſure or accommodation was reſerved for him; the choiceſt flowers were reared in Emma's garden, that his room might always be decked with noſegays; the fruit was carefully preſerved for him; and Joe, who was by this time a very expert gardener, undertook to trim the borders, and new gravel the walks.

Their grandfather ſaw all theſe preparations with a delight almoſt equal to their own, and gave every aſſiſtance in his power to make them complete.

May, June, and July, paſſed thus. The ſhips were uncommonly tardy, and fears began to be entertained, that they might have been intercepted by the enemy. The

firſt diſappointment which high-raiſed hopes experience, is moſt bitter, particularly in early youth, when every feeling is ſtrong, every impulſe in its priſtine vigour.

From the fond certainty of ſeeing their father, of ſcarcely admitting a poſſibility of diſappointment, they ſunk into ſad regrets and the moſt deſponding fears. From this indulgence of anticipated evil, they were arouzed by the ſudden and alarming indiſpoſition of their grandfather. They were ſitting in his ſtudy—Frederic was reading aloud, and Emma was employed at work, when he ſuddenly fell back in his chair, and uttering a faint groan, ſeemed to have breathed his laſt. The terror and agony of his grandchildren is not to be deſcribed: Emma flew for aſſiſtance, whilſt Frederic, ſupporting his head, which had fallen on one ſide, watched his countenance with the moſt agonized dread. The ſervants no ſooner heard Emma's account, than in equal terror, they ran to the ſtudy. The apothecary came almoſt immediately; he deſired Mr. Waller might be put to bed,

and in anſwer to Frederic's anxious inquiries, "was the illneſs likely to be fatal?" he anſwered, "it was impoſſible to tell; Mr. Waller was far advanced in years, and his conſtitution could not be expected to ſtruggle with much." Emma, in ſilent anguiſh, bedewed the hand which ſhe fondly held with the bittereſt tears—ſhe looked at her brother—his countenance betrayed equal emotion.

As ſoon as their grandfather was in bed, they ſtationed themſelves by his ſide, in dreadful anticipation of what might follow. For two days, he ſhewed no ſymptom of returning reaſon, and but little of life. He ſaw not the bitter tears which bedewed his pillow—he heard not the deep ſighs which murmured round his couch. The hand, which fondly preſſed his, felt not its preſſure returned; the lips, which imprinted on his chilly face the fondeſt kiſſes, imparted no ſenſation of pleaſure. "We muſt loſe him," ſaid Emma, wiping her ſtreaming eyes, "he cannot recover; he will never know us more. He is going where *he* will

will be happy, but, oh! Frederic! what muſt we endure!"

She had ſcarcely finiſhed ſpeaking, when her grandfather moved; a vivid beam ſeemed to animate his countenance—his lips fluttered, and, with a ſort of convulſive motion, he opened his eyes. The firſt objects they met were his grandchildren—a faint ray of pleaſure lightened the ſickly organs, and he ſpoke, but in a tone ſo low as not to be underſtood. Frederic and Emma, whom theſe ſymptoms of returning animation awakened to the livelieſt hopes, could with difficulty reſtrain the expreſſions of joy which were every moment riſing to their lips. Emma claſped her hands with tranſported thankfulneſs, whilſt the emotions of her heart played on her countenance, and beamed in every feature. "He will live, he will live," whiſpered ſhe, and ſhe ſunk on her knees by the ſide of the bed.

In the mean time, Mr. Waller had evidently recovered his ſenſes; the firſt hurried emotion, with which he had awoke from

his torpor, was ſucceeded by evident pleaſure at beholding his grandchildren: he was yet too feeble to ſpeak, but he made an effort to take a hand of each.

They ſaw his intention, and with delight received the proffered remembrance. The apothecary entered ſoon after; he was informed of the favourable change which had taken place, but he greatly mortified Frederic by not drawing the inferences which were deemed ſo concluſive. He particularly deſired that the patient might be kept quiet, as it was of the utmoſt importance. Frederic, who was grieved, and half angry, that his hopes were not confirmed, ſaw his departure with pleaſure, and was convinced of the fallacy of his opinions, when his grandfather told him to ſit down by the bed, as he wiſhed to ſpeak to him. He obeyed, and Emma, who had already found herſelf a ſeat as cloſe as poſſible to him, held his hand with a look of ſatisfaction, which told all her boſom anticipated. Mr. Waller was raiſed by pillows, and as he ſat, ſupported by them,

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he regarded his grandchildren a few minutes in silence: at length he made an effort to speak—but it was only an effort—he seemed too weak to accomplish his purpose. He motioned to Emma, to give him a medicine, which had been ordered for its restorative powers—he took a glass of it, and seemed revived. "I know not," said he faintly, "whether I shall be able to say to you all I wish, for I have much upon my mind, and I shall die easier, when I have communicated it." Emma involuntarily started—her grandfather perceived it, and pressed her hand to his lips. "My beloved children," said he, "I must leave you—but grieve not for that; I am old, and have had many warnings before this summons. I obey it with submission, and have nothing to regret in dying but leaving you; I had hoped to have committed you to the care of your father, but Heaven has willed it otherwise, and what Heaven wills, is best. Let no regret for me embitter your days. Remember I throw off this load of life, to secure an

eternity

eternity of happineſs—to go, where no tears flow, no groans are heard—where the deſolate find their friends, where the widow is re-united to her huſband, where the orphan is reſtored to his parents. Let this be your conſolation; and let it alſo be a motive to you ſo to conduct yourſelves, that when your race is run, and your ſummons ſhall arrive, we may be re-united in happineſs, and meet to part no more."

Here Mr. Waller, exhauſted by the effort he had made, fell back on his pillow; his grandchildren, in an agony of grief, were unable to make him any anſwer. "Reſtrain this anguiſh," ſaid he, recovering himſelf; "for me, there is nothing to regret. I go, where I hope I am not unworthy to receive the divine mercy, and where, with the eye of faith, I already behold the fulfilment of thoſe promiſes made by my divine maſter. Hear me, then, my ſweet children; and let me be ſolaced by the reflection, that, in bidding you adieu, you are convinced, equally with myſelf,

myſelf, that our parting is not eternal." Here he pauſed—a more pallid hue paſſed over his countenance—his feeble eyelids fell—his breath was interrupted and ſhort; he lay in this ſtate a few minutes, nor did the attendants immediately perceive that the laſt ſtruggle was over. When, however, they could doubt it no longer, and the fatal truth was diſcloſed, the anguiſh of his grandchildren burſt forth; that of Emma was the moſt unreſtrained: Frederic, though he felt not leſs, endeavoured to ſhake off the anguiſh which oppreſſed him; and in offering to his ſiſter all the conſolation in his power, he inſenſibly ſoothed his own ſorrows. The blow fell ſo much the more heavily, as they had each indulged the moſt ſanguine hopes, and till within a ſhort time of his death, had believed his recovery certain. Much indeed had they to weep for in loſing him; and however reaſon and religion might urge them to ſubmiſſion, the more they contemplated their loſs, the greater it appeared. It's moſt bitter aggravation was in the

abſence of their father, and the doubts and fears which were entertained for his ſafety. Letters had been received, which mentioned his embarkation, and one of the tranſports, with part of the regiment, was arrived.

On opening the will which Mr. Waller had left, it was found, that he had bequeathed all he poſſeſſed to his grandchildren; this, beſide the furniture and books, conſiſted of 1200l.; but this, and every thing elſe, he requeſted ſhould be equally divided, at the ſame time, lamenting the ſmallneſs of the ſum. For the ſhort period which he ſaid, "he hoped would intervene before their father's arrival, he committed them to the care of Mr. and Mrs. Fuller;" two worthy people, who had always been attached to them, and who were diſtantly related to Mr. Waller.

As a long repining expectant was eager to take poſſeſſion of the benefice, which had for many years been the object of his ſecret wiſhes, it was neceſſary for them immediately to remove. They did ſo—

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and were received by the kind-hearted couple with affection and pleaſure. Scarcely were they ſettled in their new abode, when news arrived, that the veſſel in which their father had embarked, was taken by an Algerine corſair. The conflict had been long and bloody, and ſo many of the Engliſh fell victims to their valour, that a few only were carried into captivity; whether Captain Percival was among theſe, could not be aſcertained, as the news had been brought by a Spaniſh veſſel, who was witneſs of the combat, and might herſelf have been the prey of theſe barbarians, had they not been in ſo diſabled a ſtate, they were glad to haſten into port.

This information was moſt dreadful, and the more aggravated, as it happened at a time when they had already ſuſtained ſo great a loſs. Buried in the deepeſt affliction, they now, indeed, felt themſelves orphans. Before, whatever evils they contemplated, as the conſequence of their grandfather's death, they hoped their father's return would wholly relieve—now,

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all was blank and dreary, and, to their oppreſſed minds, ſeemed not to admit one ray of hope. In a few days, they received a letter from their father's agent, to ſay, that his pay was ſtopped, in conſequence of which, the ſum which was encloſed, was all they could receive. In the preſent ſtate of their minds, this was a very ſecondary conſideration, and after ſome time given to grief, Mr. Fuller ſpoke to Frederic upon the ſubject. He ſaid, as the ſum bequeathed by his grandfather, was all he could now poſſeſs, and that was too ſmall to be alone a mean of ſubſiſtence, he adviſed him to think of ſome plan in which he might profitably employ his time; adding, "that if he had any predilection for huſbandry, he would himſelf undertake to teach him with the greateſt pleaſure. This offer was too friendly not to be readily accepted; his mind, ſaddened by the loſs of two ſuch dear relatives, was indifferent to almoſt every other concern, and he thought, that ſo dreary were now his proſpects, no brighter gleam could ever enliven them. Though thus

thus acute were his feelings, he endeavoured, before his ſiſter, to conceal them, and to aſſume an appearance of cheerfulneſs, which his boſom did not feel. Emma's grief was indeed moſt poignant—her attachment to her grandfather, her cheriſhed affection for her father, had ſeemed a part of her exiſtence; deprived of thoſe dear objects of filial affection, her exiſtence was joyleſs, and her heart dead to pleaſure. Mrs. Fuller was always kind and conſiderate, but her ſituation, in many reſpects, diſabled her from being actively a friend. Her huſband, though good-tempered, honeſt, and generous, was not ſucceſsful in his buſineſs. He was a ſchemer, and had always ſome new plan, in purſuing which, he was ſure to waſte both his time and property. Had he regularly purſued any one, he might, perhaps, have ſucceeded; but every new projector was certain of gaining his favour. His wife, who was a woman of an excellent underſtanding, often tried to diſſuade him from theſe chimeras; but he treated her opinions as thoſe

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of a perſon who underſtood nothing of the matter, and obſtinately followed his own. Hence they were always involved in difficulties, and nothing leſs than her uniform prudence could have ſecured them from abſolute ruin. She felt for Emma and Frederic the affection of a mother; ſhe had known them from their birth, and as ſhe had never herſelf been bleſſed with a family, they filled the void which was left in her heart. She knew well their long-indulged propenſities, their fondneſs for ſtudy, their delight in every mental improvement; and had it been in her power, ſhe would gladly have ſupplied them with the means of paſſing their time as moſt ſuited their inclination. But it was not—and concealing her friendly wiſhes, as ſhe knew they never could be accompliſhed, ſhe availed herſelf of Emma's aſſiſtance in her family engagements, and ſaw, with a pleaſure which increaſed her regard, that though little accuſtomed to any thing of the kind, theſe avocations were performed with the utmoſt cheerfulneſs.

Frederic,

Frederic, had his circumſtances been ſuch as permitted him to chooſe the path he ſhould purſue in life, would certainly not have fixed upon that of a farmer; he had a decided predilection for the army; and though, perhaps, for this, he could give no better reaſon than that his father was a ſoldier, yet ſo ſtrong was the bent of his inclination, that all other modes of life were compulſatory. Such, however, was the upright tenor of his mind, that what he had adopted from neceſſity, he purſued from principle; and hence, ſo great was his attention to every inſtruction of Mr. Fuller, he ſoon was enabled to make himſelf of eſſential ſervice. The liberality of his education had expanded his mind, and as he was fond of reading, and accuſtomed to reflect upon what he read, he could often detect the fallacies of thoſe ſyſtems, of which Mr. Fuller was ſo frequent a dupe. At firſt, the opinions which he ventured to advance were treated as futile, but, by degrees, they gained ground, and at length were adopted. The harder taſk was now

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to induce ſteady perſeverance; and this was, in time, ſo completely effected, that Mr. Fuller was noticed for the regularity of his farming. The effects were ſuch as might rationally be expected; his crops were plentiful, his barns well ſtored, and many of the pecuniary difficulties, under which he had laboured for ſome years, began to vaniſh. His countenance was no longer clouded by diſappointment, nor his mind haraſſed by varying ſchemes. His proſperity was increaſing, and if he did not abſolutely attribute it to Frederic's good management, he certainly felt he could do little without him.

Emma was not leſs uſeful to his wife; ſhe employed herſelf in the dairy, amongſt the poultry, and wherever ſhe could be ſerviceable; and the good woman, who was delighted to have an aſſiſtant ſo dear to her, was never weary of praiſing her efforts.

Thus, in the performance of every duty, paſſed their blameleſs lives. If, in every reſpect, their ſituation was not all they could

could have wiſhed, ſtill, compared to what it might be elſewhere, it was very comfortable.

Induſtry and integrity always bring their reward; and Frederic and Emma felt, in the conſciouſneſs of acting uprightly, and the plaudits of an approving conſcience, more happineſs than wealth alone could ever beſtow. They roſe in the morning to labour, but they retired at night to reſt; and if ſometimes they wiſhed for more leiſure, and ſociety from which they could derive more information, yet the kindneſs of the worthy couple checked every repining ſigh, and made them ſee in their preſent lot, more to be thankful for than to regret.

Joe, to whom the death of Mr. Waller had been a very ſevere misfortune, as he was not only deprived of a kind friend, but loſt his employment, had been reduced to the moſt miſerable ſtate of poverty. There were ſo few employments, of which from his lameneſs he was capable, that in a little village, like that in which he reſided, it was

was not very eaſy to find work. Beſides, with all his induſtry and attention, of the few things he could do, theſe were performed with ſo much more difficulty, and ſo much ſlower, than other labourers, that few would employ him; and though ſome of the villagers had, from his conſtant good conduct, conceived a better opinion of him, yet many ſtill believed him profligate, and even aſſerted, that the ſon of ſo idle and drunken a father could not be good for any thing. Theſe were hard trials; but Joe was obliged to contend with them; and his lean and ſqualid appearance, his ragged cloathes, and his dejected air, too plainly ſhewed how they affected him. Frederic and Emma, whoſe change of ſituation had made no change in their regard, adminiſtered to him all the conſolation it was in their power to beſtow. This amounted to but little—yet it was a great deal to Joe; it was that, which to the friendleſs and diſtreſſed, is moſt conſolatory—kindneſs, attention, and advice. Money they had not to give, and another ſituation they

they were unable to procure him; but they were always intereſted about him, and took every opportunity of ſpeaking in his praiſe. This was all they were able to do for him, till a lad, who had been employed in the more menial offices of the farm, left his place. Mr. Fuller had long known the wiſhes of Frederic, and happy to oblige him, he now offered to try if Joe could fill the vacant place.

Frederic well knew how grateful would be this offer to the object of his ſolicitude, and he would himſelf be the bearer of it. He found Joe ſitting at the door of his father's cottage, making brooms, and ſurrounded by ſeveral ragged children. A faint ſmile beamed on his joyleſs countenance when Frederic appeared.

"Well, Joe," ſaid he, "how do you go on?"

Joe ſhook his head, and a ſilent tear trickled down his cheek.

"This is but ſorry work," ſaid Frederic, taking up one of the brooms.

" Any thing, Sir, is better than idleneſs; and in theſe hard times, it is ſomething to get a bit of bread. Beſides," added he, pointing to the childrén, " there's theſe poor things ſtarving, and father don't do much for them. For the matter o'that, I do no great matter myſelf, but I gives them all I can."

" Well, but Joe," ſaid Frederic in a cheerful tone, and ſitting upon a corner of a broken chair, on which Joe had laid his brooms, " I am come to tell you news, which, I hope will glad your heart, and at leaſt ſecure you from what you now ſuffer. Mr. Fuller has offered to employ you, and to give you your board in his houſe."

" Ah! maſter Frederic," exclaimed Joe, jumping from the threſhold, and overturning all his work, " don't, for goodneſs ſake, make a joke of me. We poor people, who have no great matter of comfort, can't bear to be told of what will never come."

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"But indeed, I am ſerious," anſwered Frederic; "and to convince you that I am, come along with me, and you ſhall immediately take poſſeſſion of your place. Beſides, ſee here what I have in this bundle; ſomething, I am afraid, which will not fit you."

He then untied a handkerchief which he had brought in his hand, and diſplayed to the enraptured Joe a new jacket and a pair of ſhoes, which he had bought with ſome of his pocket money. "Now, Joe," ſaid he, "let me ſee how you will look in theſe."

Joe could not ſpeak—he could ſcarcely move—he could only ſnatch the hand of his benefactor, and kiſs it, and then claſp to his boſom his little ragged ſiſters. At length he exclaimed, "oh! maſter Frederic! you have almoſt killed me with joy. Oh! how ſhall I be ever able to thank you as I ought?" Then turning to the children, he added, "you may be glad of this, for it will be the beſt day for you, you ever knew." He then equipped himſelf in

his new jacket, and attended Frederic to the farmer's houſe. He was ſoon eſtabliſhed in his office, and ſuch was his gratitude, induſtry, and wiſh to pleaſe, that it was not long before he had a friend in every one of the family. He had never been ſo perfectly happy; he had plenty of good victuals, and a decent bed to ſleep upon, in a place too where he was not, as in his father's cottage, expoſed to every ſtorm, and every ſhower which pelted.

The happineſs of Frederic and his ſiſter was augmented by that which they had communicated; and thus, in the diſcharge of every duty, in thankfulneſs to Providence for the good which was ſtill continued to them, and in humble reſignation of that which was taken away, paſſed their tranquil, if not happy, days.

So long a period had elapſed ſince the ſuppoſed death of the captain, that though at the time a doubt remained, whether he might not have been a priſoner to the enemy, yet even that doubt wore gradually away. Nay, ſome of the ſoldiers of his own

own regiment, who had returned from a long and ſad captivity, declared that they had never ſeen him after the bloody conflict which decided their fate. This was confirmed, when a few months after, the captain's own ſervant arrived at the village. He ſaid, that though, when they were made priſoners, they were confined in different parts of the ſhip, and treated with the utmoſt rigour, yet it was hardly poſſible but they muſt have known the captain's fate, had he ſurvived in captivity. This poor fellow, who had lived with his maſter previous to his marriage, ſpoke of him in the higheſt terms, and ſaid, there was not a ſoldier in the regiment who did not cheriſh his memory with the moſt grateful reſpect.

Frederic and his ſiſter were gratified by theſe praiſes of a father, of whom they retained the fondeſt remembrance, and received from honeſt Malcolm many particulars, which proved the unabated regard which had been cheriſhed for them.

Malcolm, who was a true Scotchman, and who belonged to the ſame clan as Lord Percival, was not more proud of his deſcent, than tenacious of the honour of its individuals; and his breaſt glowed with indignation, when he ſaw his maſter's children neglected by their proud relatives, and left to pine, in what he thought, degrading occupations, far from their patrimonial inheritance, and unknown to their friends. He declared, the old laird ſhould know every thing, and then, if he choſe to neglect his near kindred, ſo much the worſe—he was no longer deſerving the name of a Scotſman.

It was in vain they requeſted him to ſay nothing of the matter; and aſſured him, they were far happier in their preſent ſituation, than they ſhould be, expoſed to the proud contempt of haughty relations, who, in affording them a ſhelter, would perhaps exact the moſt ſervile obedience.

Malcolm declared ſuch conduct was impoſſible, and left the village, determined to purſue his own inclinations.

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This importunate zeal gave very ſerious uneaſineſs to both Frederic and Emma; for though the neglect, with which their father had uniformly been treated, might well have removed from their boſoms all dread of being ſought and acknowledged, yet the fear of being removed from their comparatively happy ſituation filled them with anxiety and oppreſſed them with dread.

Both Mr. and Mrs. Fuller thought their fears ſo entirely without foundation, that they uſed every argument to diſpel them. In this they at length ſucceeded, when more than three months paſſed away, and they heard nothing from Scotland.

They now reſumed their former employments with all their former pleaſure, and, at length, every uneaſy apprehenſion died away.

Spring was now advancing—the rigours of winter were paſſed—and an uncommonly fine ſeaſon promiſed to the expecting farmer a plentiful harveſt. Frederic had

been surveying the crops with Mr. Fuller, when, as they returned through the village, they were surprised by the sight of a post-chaise at the door of the only inn the place afforded.

This was so novel an appearance, that they involuntarily stopped—a group of astonished children already surrounded it, not more attracted by the sight of the carriage, than the dialect of the lady who was in it. She spoke broad Scotch—and not one of her numerous auditors understood a word she said. Her appearance was not prepossessing—she was somewhat advanced in years, and to a large, coarse figure, added features of unusual harshness. The rough tones of her voice, and the authoritative manner in which she addressed her auditors, frightened, not more than it disgusted, them; and scarcely making an effort to understand her, they drew back in determined silence.

Only a few minutes did Frederic contemplate her figure and hear her speak, when an

an involuntary emotion ſeized him—he was retreating haſtily back, with a wiſh of concealment, when the lady, hoping from his appearance that ſhe ſhould meet with more civility, called to him, and in a language by no means ſtrange to his ear, aſked him, if he could inform her where Mr. Fuller lived.

He ſtammered "yes," but in ſo confuſed a manner, that the lady ſcarcely underſtood him; and Mr. Fuller, ſeeing the confuſion of his young friend, advanced, and announced himſelf, offering, at the ſame time, to ſhew the poſtilion the way to his houſe. This was gladly accepted; whilſt Frederic, convinced his fears were but too fully juſtified, ſtopped not for a recognition he dreaded, but haſtened home by the ſhorteſt route to inform his ſiſter. She was ſitting in the parlour, reading—her morning's employment was finiſhed, and ſhe was delighted to indulge herſelf in thoſe pleaſures, which, though ſhe could not often enjoy, were not the leſs eſteemed.

Her brother entered in haſte, and with a countenance which alarmed her — ſhe eagerly enquired what was the matter.

He had no time to prepare her for the uneaſineſs which he knew he ſhould impart, and therefore immediately told her who was arrived. Mrs. Fuller entered at the moment—Emma could not ſpeak, but, burſting into tears, threw herſelf into the arms of her kind friend.

"My deareſt child!" exclaimed the good woman, "what has happened to you? why are you thus fluttered?"

Emma ſobbed, and Frederic declared the whole matter. The grief and concern was no longer all their own; but before they could utter their mutual regret, the carriage ſtopped at the door. The lady alighted, and was ſhewn into the parlour; ſhe begged that Frederic and Emma might be ſent to her.

It was ſome time before the latter was ſufficiently compoſed to make her appearance; and then her ſwollen eyes, and the agitation

agitation which was ſtill but too viſible, muſt have indicated, to the leaſt obſerving beholder, the little pleaſure ſhe received from the ſummons.

The lady, in the broad dialect of her country, unfolded her miſſion, and dwelt with painful minuteneſs on the arrangements ſhe had made to take them back with her to Scotland, whither, ſhe ſaid, ſhe ſhould return in about a month. Emma heard her with ſilent but bitter regret, and unable as ſhe was to ſpeak, ſhe looked at her brother with feelings, which he perfectly comprehended. He addreſſed the ſtranger in reſpectful but decided terms. He ſaid, "it was ſo long ſince they had indulged any other views than thoſe humble ones which their preſent ſituation afforded, that they had learned not only to be content with them but to relinquiſh all others. This being the caſe, he hoped they ſhould be excuſed, if they declined the offers ſo kindly intended."

The lady on hearing this anſwer, betrayed not only aſtoniſhment, but anger.

"It was very well," ſhe ſaid, with an air of haughty diſpleaſure, "but would ſooner be repented than remedied." She roſe—and was leaving the room without condeſcending any other anſwer, but a ſudden recollection ſeemed to ſtop her, and ſhe added, "I ſhall not leave the village till tomorrow morning; when, if you ſtill perſiſt in this improper conduct, the conſequences are your own."

Frederic, unwilling ſhe ſhould leave them with ſuch impreſſions, would have added ſomething conciliating, but he feared giving any reaſon to ſuppoſe their opinions would alter, whilſt he knew Emma's repugnance. The lady, therefore, returned to her carriage with the moſt ſovereign contempt for her plebeian relations.

Lady Diana Percival was the elder ſiſter of the Captain; as ſhe was now travelling to London to ſpend a few weeks with a noble family, to whom ſhe was diſtantly related, ſhe had promiſed to ſtop at the village and inform Frederic and Emma of the good fortune which awaited them.

As ſhe was informed of the circumſtances in which they had been brought up, ſhe was prepared to find them deficient in appreciating properly thoſe things, which in her eſtimation were alone valuable—but ſhe did not expect to ſee them ſo diveſted of all reſpect for rank and titled honours, as to prefer reſiding with a paltry farmer, to being received at the noble domain of their anceſtors.

Of thoſe ſofter feelings, which make the endearments of life, and often ſecure its deareſt bleſſings, even though wealth flies the door, and titles never founded through the lowly roof, Lady Diana had no idea. Cold, narrow-minded, and ſelfiſh, ſhe meaſured every feeling, and every excellence, by her own ſtandard, and deemed all elſe undeſerving regard. When, therefore, ſhe left the farm houſe, it was with regret that ſhe had made ſuch an effort to oblige thoſe, who, ſhe was convinced, were undeſerving her bounty, and had it not been that ſhe had promiſed to bring them back with her, and feared her authoritative powers

powers would be doubted, if she did not succeed, she had most certainly relinquished immediately her scheme, and left those to poverty, whom she thought undeserving wealth.

Malcolm, when he returned to Scotland, had presented himself to his laird, and opened his cause with the unaffected warmth which love for his master's children inspired. He dwelt upon the penuriousness of their situation; on the worth of their father, and concluded by hoping the descendants of a family so honorable would not be suffered to spend their lives in obscurity.

The laird heard him in silence. Little intercourse had for many years subsisted between his son and himself; the wandering life of the former, and the little inducement he had to visit Scotland, was in some respect the cause; the chief, however, existed with his lordship; who, in his cares for his elder son, seemed to have excluded his other children from his bosom. Old age had now confined him to his chamber,

ber, and firſt taught him how improvident he had been of happineſs, when he excluded himſelf from the pleaſures of domeſtic life. His children, weaned from him by coldneſs and auſterity, viſited not his couch, nor endeavoured to leſſen the burden of years by kindneſs and attention. His elder ſon repaid not his cares as he expected. Eager only for a fortune, which was the object of all his ſolicitude, he ſaw with murmuring diſcontent, and jealous ſuſpicion, all who were admitted to his father's roof; and if, among theſe, were any who claimed the tie of kindred, his uneaſineſs increaſed,—his fears were augmented, leſt paternal kindneſs ſhould revive, and leſſen his large patrimony by any juſter donation. Long ſecluſion with his own thoughts, the ſcrutiny of a ſick bed, and approaching diſſolution, had taught the earl more juſtly to appreciate merit than he had done, when he believed it more peculiarly to belong to his firſt-born. His heart was ſoftened towards his baniſhed ſons, and more particularly towards the captain,

captain, who had ſo long been a ſtranger to the paternal roof. He remembered the promiſe of his early years, and bitterly repented the cruelty which had expelled him from his home, and obliged him to ſeek, in the turmoil of war, a ſubſiſtence, and to find in a diſtant land a grave. Theſe thoughts had long dwelt upon his mind before Malcolm's application, and when he was informed that the death of his ſon was no longer doubtful, it gave ſtrength to former regrets; and in the ſincerity of repentance, he was impatient of every delay which retarded the means of atonement. He immediately reſolved to ſend for his grand-children, and to beſtow on them the patrimony he had withheld from their father; but he was not yet ſufficiently maſter of himſelf to follow the bent of his inclination openly and decidedly.

His elder ſon reſided within a ſhort diſtance of the caſtle, and ſuch was the watchfulneſs of his avarice, that he was early informed of every tranſaction which occurred.

occurred. His ſway over his father had for ſome time been deſpotic; for, in uſurping the reins of government, ſelfiſhneſs and meanneſs induced him to hold them tight. He haſtened to the caſtle, and by his vehemence ſo overpowered the earl, that, with whatever reluctance, he promiſed he would take no immediate ſteps in the affair. But, though ſilenced, the pleas of affection were not ſubdued. The ſelfiſhneſs of cunning often defeats its own object, and produces the effects it moſt ſedulouſly wiſhes to avert. Lord Lowder, in endeavouring to ſet aſide the claims of his brother's orphan children, induced a ſevere ſcrutiny of his own; this was by no means favorable; it left on the boſom of the Earl an impreſſion, in which juſtice and affection were at length triumphant.

Thoſe who have acquired unjuſt power are but too apt to neglect its preſervation, and to fancy that once attained it will never be wreſted from them.

Lord Lowder had hitherto ſucceeded in keeping from the caſtle all whom he did

did not chuſe ſhould viſit it; of the earl's numerous family, two daughters and one ſon alone remained with him. Lady Diana enjoyed a large independent fortune, which ſhe inherited from her god-mother, and was, therefore, no object of ſuſpicion. Lady Jane was the directreſs of the family concerns, and could not be diſpenſed with; and Mr. Edward Percival, from a fall he had received in his infancy, had contracted a lameneſs, which made him incapable of walking without crutches. The injury of his frame had affected his health, and ſo much did he ſuffer from indiſpoſition, that he was frequently confined to his room for many months.

Obliged, as lord Lowder was, to tolerate theſe individuals of his family, he watched their conduct with unceaſing vigilance; and though his anxiety injured no happineſs but his own, and his jealouſy occaſioned no pangs equal to what feſtered in his own boſom, yet he was not nearer the attainment of his wiſhes; he believed, if once a ſecond generation was admitted

admitted at the caſtle, his claims would no longer be excluſive.

He had early in life married a lady of fortune, by whom he had a numerous family;—eager for their aggrandizement, he watched with undiſguiſed impatience his father's diſſolution, that he might enjoy the ſole poſſeſſion of that wealth he had not generoſity to wiſh divided.

But the earl, though unable to move from his room, and ſubject to frequent and ſevere attacks of the gout, yet his phyſicians ſaid, might live many years. Lord Lowder ſecretly murmured,—nor reflected, in ſimilar circumſtances, how ill he would bear the unnatural impatience of a ſon who could wiſh his days ſhortened.

In the mean time the earl, though he forbore openly to mention his wiſhes, did not cheriſh them with leſs ardour, and in proportion as his eſteem for his elder ſon decreaſed, his heart expanded towards the deſcendants of his younger. He waited indeed, the period of his ſon's abſenting himſelf from Scotland, which he uſually did

did once a year, to execute a plan which he dwelt upon with much pleaſure. Lady Diana had been ſome time engaged to paſs part of the enſuing ſpring in London; and at her father's párticular requeſt, ſhe not only conſented to bring his grand-children back, but to conceal her intention from her brother.

As it would not be many miles out of her way, ſhe agreed to ſtop at the village, to inform Frederic and Emma of the change which was to take place in their ſituation. This then was the cauſe of her viſit, a viſit which imparted ſo much uneaſineſs to thoſe whom it was expected to make happy.

As ſoon as lady Diana quitted the farm-houſe, Mr. and Mrs. Fuller entered the parlour. Their diſtreſs at the idea of the propoſed parting was not leſs than that of the object of their regard, though they thought it wrong to ſhew all they felt, from a belief of the benefit which muſt accrue from the change.

"My deareſt Emma," ſaid Frederic, taking

taking the hand of his weeping ſiſter, " do not thus diſtreſs yourſelf. If it would make you ſo miſerable to accompany lady Diana, no force ſhall oblige you. See in me the repreſentative of your father, and be aſſured your happineſs was not dearer to him than it is to me. As a matter of choice my opinion is yours; as a matter of judgment, ſome doubts ariſe. Has or has not our grand-father any claims upon us? are we bound to him by any duty, and if we are, it is right to conſult only our own wiſhes? I would not judge haſtily; nor would I induce you to do what may make you miſerable; but had our dear father been alive, how would he have wiſhed us to act?" " You are right," ſaid Emma, " I ſee you are right; in conſulting only my own feelings, I forgot my duty. We muſt go, though how I ſhall part from our dear friends, I cannot tell."

Both Mr. and Mrs. Fuller aſſured her they thought ſhe ought not to heſitate, as duty and propriety urged her acquieſcence. It was agreed, after much deliberation, that

Lady

Lady Diana ſhould be informed they would be ready to attend her ſummons.

Frederic went himſelf to carry the meſſage. He was received with cold ſtatelineſs; but no ſooner was the purport of his viſit made known, than her ladyſhip relaxed much of her auſterity, and ſaid ſhe would call in the morning before her departure,—ſhe did ſo; and aſſured Emma ſhe ſhould have no reaſon to repent having changed her opinion. She ſaid ſhe expected to ſtay in London about a month, and at her return would call for them. When ſhe departed ſhe aſſured them ſhe ſhould be punctual in her return, and begged they would be in readineſs.

Emma, who during this viſit, had endeavoured to preſerve ſome degree of cheerfulneſs, no ſooner ſaw her ladyſhip depart, than, giving way to the emotion of her heart, ſhe burſt into a flood of tears. Her brother ſympathized in her emotions, and endeavoured to ſoothe her in the kindeſt language. He repreſented to her the many probable advantages which might reſult from

Lord

Lord Percival's kindneſs, and that at leaſt they ought to derive conſolation from the idea of having relinquiſhed ſome of their deareſt pleaſures to act up to a ſenſe of duty.

Emma liſtened to him, and was fully ſenſible of all the kindneſs of his motive; but her heart could not change its affections, or relinquiſh ties, which were ſtronger than thoſe of mere conſanguinity. She ſaw in the depreſſed countenance of Mrs. Fuller the concern which lay hid in her boſom; and ſhe felt, in this proof of regard, her own affection increaſe.

Mr. Fuller, however, he wore the appearance of content, was not, in reality, leſs grieved than his wife; and this month, unlike every other which had preceded it, was paſſed by all parties in regret ill concealed, and fruitleſs efforts to appear cheerful.

At the expiration of the fourth week a letter was received from Lady Diana, ſaying ſhe ſhould be at the village on the following Tueſday. Three days only intervened

—and theſe were paſſed in mutual regrets, mutual aſſurances of regard; and exhortations, and promiſes to be punctual in writing.

At length Tueſday arrived—and Lady Diana, ſtrictly punctual to her appointment, was announced. As ſhe was eager to travel a certain diſtance that day, ſhe would only ſtop to take her companions, who, with heavy hearts, and many ſad adieus, quitted friends who had ſo long and ſo tenderly ſupplied to them every other connection.

Lady Diana ſaw their emotions with anger ſhe did not wiſh to conceal, and more than once repented the efforts ſhe had made to befriend them.

They travelled moſt unpleaſantly; Frederic and Emma, depreſſed by their recent parting, and Lady Diana indignant that the trouble ſhe had taken had ſo entirely failed to give pleaſure.

At length they arrived at the end of their firſt day's journey, Emma oppreſſed with ſorrow, and overpowered with fatigue,

tigue, intreated permiſſion to retire immediately to her room. This was accorded with a very ill grace, and a ſarcaſtic obſervation "that when ſhe was more uſed to travelling ſhe would bear it better." She made no reply—her only wiſh was to hide her anguiſh in ſolitude, and to be releaſed from that obſervation which was ſo painful.

Frederic would gladly have followed her example, but ſince the offence her requeſt had given, forbore to preſent his own. He was confined till a late hour, to the dull recitals and weariſome parade of Lady Diana.

He would gladly, had it been poſſible, have found ſomething to counterbalance the pain of this compulſatory politeneſs, in the agreeableneſs of his companion; but Lady Diana was neither amiable, nor well informed. Her habits of life had tended to contract her heart, and her knowledge of human nature was drawn from the little ſhe had ſeen on her father's domains. She had never before quitted

her native highlands, and judging of the world at large, from the peasants who surrounded the castle, she had learned to consider herself as a being superior to the common class of mortals. This idea gave a stateliness to her manners always offensive, and which rarely succeeded in procuring her the respect she demanded.

Her education had been confined, and the powers of her mind were naturally feeble. Her cold bosom expanded to no gentle feelings,—she even, in others, held them in contempt. Her conversation consisted of little else but the achievements of her ancestors, wearisome details of their rank and former splendour, and bitter invectives against the increasing degeneracy of the age, which so far from regarding ancestry with the respect due to its august title, pretended to put in competition with it every upstart of fortuitous greatness.

So little did Frederic's ideas coincide with her's, that, unwilling to offend her by openly declaring them, he preserved a willing silence; which she, mistaking for the respect

which

which her awe-inſpiring converſation had given riſe to, teſtified a degree of approbation which added to her loquacity.

Emma, in the mean time, retired to reſt, and as ſhe lay her head upon her pillow, ſhe uttered a ſigh to the memory of departed pleaſures, and in ſpite of every effort to ſupport her ſpirits, her heart ſunk at the idea of paſſing her life with people, who, if they reſembled Lady Diana, ſhe was afraid ſhe could never love.

Frederic in the morning tapped early at her door. She was up and dreſſed, and immediately admitted him. Never had ſhe been more ſenſible of the bleſſing of poſſeſſing one dear relative. To him ſhe unfolded every thought of her heart, its ſecret fears, and melancholy forbodings; and from him ſhe received that conſolation which affection only knows how to impart. They converſed together ſome time, for Lady Diana did not riſe till a late hour; and the reciprocation of ſentiment, the flow of affection, and the pleaſure of un-

reſtrained confidence, gave inſenſibly a cheerfulneſs to their minds, which the irkſomeneſs of their preſent ſituation could not wholly take away.

The remainder of their journey paſſed without incident; they found, in the variety of country they paſſed, much to intereſt and amuſe; and if the unbending ſtatelineſs of Lady Diana had not forbidden all approaches to familiarity, theſe would have afforded ſubjects of curioſity and amuſement, which her communications might have gratified.

Almoſt their whole lives had been paſſed in their native village; for the journey and voyage they had made with their parents, was at a time when they were too young to remember or obſerve much. After they entered Scotland, every appearance was more novel,—the country,—the inhabitants,—their dialect, and dreſs; and when they reached the Highlands, even theſe peculiarities encreaſed.

At length they arrived within ſight of the caſtle—the firſt view of it was by no means

means attractive. It was situated on the summit of a high rock, whose base, on one side, was washed by the sea, on the other contrasted by fields thinly cultivated, unadorned by hedges, or varied by trees. The castle had been built in the earlier ages of feudal tyranny, and still retained every appearance of hostile strength. Its dark turrets frowned in glomy state over the rude battlements, whilst the small latticed windows seemed to admit neither air nor light; the moss darkened the mouldering towers, whilst the creeping ivy twined round their basements. Nothing was heard but the rude scream of birds which inhabited the recesses, or the monotonous sound of the billows below.

Emma involuntarily drew nearer her brother, as the carriage rattled over the draw-bridge, which was let down on their arrival, and she exchanged with him a look which seemed to say, "can we ever be happy in this desolate spot?" A sigh burst from her bosom, and so absorbed was she in her own reflections, that Lady Diana

twice repeated her queſtion, "had ſhe ever been in ſuch a noble place?" before ſhe was able to anſwer by a ſimple negative.

At the entrance of the caſtle they were met by ſeveral domeſtics, whoſe bare feet ſeemed, to Emma, to indicate exceſſive penury, and ſhe could not but wonder that the domeſtics of a nobleman ſhould be ſuffered to want ſo neceſſary a part of cloathing. She regarded them with an eye of compaſſion, as Lady Diana, in an imperious tone, called them to aſſiſt in taking the parcels.

Emma and her brother were ſhown into a room, which opened on one ſide the hall, till their grandfather ſhould be apprized of their arrival. They had not been long there, when the door was opened; and Malcolm made his appearance. He was delighted to ſee them, not, perhaps, the the leſs for attributing their arrival to his means. He told them they would ſoon ſee what a place they were come to, and that living in Scotland was like being in Para-

Paradiſe,—it was a land flowing with milk and honey. England might be a very pretty place to look at, but to live in there was nothing like Scotland.

Though their own obſervation did not confirm this opinion, they would not vex Malcolm by openly diſſenting from him; but conſcious of all the kindneſs of of his motive, thanked him for the zeal with which he had endeavoured to ſerve them.

A meſſuage was ſoon brought, deſiring their company in their grandfather's room. They followed the ſervant, and after paſsing through a long gallery, and ſeveral ſuite of apartments, a door was thrown open, and they were deſired to enter. They did ſo, and beheld, ſeated in a chair of crimſon velvet, a ſickly palſied figure, apparently bending beneath the weight of years and infirmity. A faint ſmile animated his features as he regarded them, but ſeemed not the character of his countenance.—There was in it, even beneath the ſmile, ſomething ſour and repulſive,

and an expreſſion of diſcontent, which added to the furrows of age.

Emma drew timidly back; her brother took her hand, and led her to the Earl; he ſaid ſomething as he regarded them attentively, but unuſed to the tremulous tones of his voice, they did not underſtand him;—he ſtretched out a hand to each, and preſſed them feebly to his boſom. Lady Diana, who was in the room, bade them take a chair, and Frederic, reaching one for his ſiſter, ſeated himſelf. A long ſilence enſued,—which was followed by queſtions concerning their journey, which filled up the evening till a late hour. They were then diſmiſſed to their apartments, which to their unſpeakable pleaſure were adjoining. Here, unreſtrained by the coldneſs of pride, unchecked by the trammels of reſerve, they enjoyed that intercourſe, to which they had been ſo long accuſtomed, and which, in the moſt calamitous circumſtances of their lives, had proved a pleaſure which nothing could deſtroy.

As

As the family did not aſſemble till a late hour, they propoſed riſing early, and taking a walk. By ſix o'clock they quitted their rooms; but it was not without difficulty they found a path, which led to the ſeaſhore; and when they did, it was ſo ſteep, that, without the aſſiſtance of her brother, Emma would not have been able to deſcend it. At length they reached the beach, and the beauty of the ſcene fully compenſated all their toil.

It was now the middle of June, and the ſeaſon was uncommonly beautiful. They contemplated a cloudleſs ſky, and the ſun ſhining in all his ſplendour. Scarcely a breeze paſſed on the boſom of the water, which gliſtened with reſplendent rays, and was here and there varied by the white ſails of the little ſkiffs, belonging to the Weſtern iſlands.

They had never beheld a ſcene ſo beautiful. Inſenſibly, the ſerenity about them diffuſed its influence on their minds, and they paſſed ſome hours with much more pleaſure than they had experienced ſince

they quitted their dear village. When they returned to the caſtle, they found already aſſembled in the breakfaſt room, Lady Diana, Lady Jane, and Mr. Edward Percival. The two latter they had not ſeen the preceding evening, and they found them much more agreeable than their elder ſiſter.

After breakfaſt, Lady Jane invited Emma to her ſtore-room, and was not a little pleaſed to find her well inſtructed in what ſhe conſidered a very important part of education. Culinary ſcience, ſhe had ſo long and ſo ſucceſsfully ſtudied, that it made one of the firſt pleaſures of her life, and was, indeed, almoſt her only purſuit; but ſhe was good tempered and obliging, and had none of that ſtately pride which made her ſiſter ſo repulſive. Delighted to have found a companion and a friend, who did not deride her purſuits, ſhe treated Emma with the moſt open kindneſs, and expreſſed her ſatisfaction that the caſtle had found ſo agreeable an addition to its little ſociety.

Frederic,

Frederic, in the mean time, was occupied with his uncle, whose infirmities prevented his enjoying any active pleasures. The little harmony which subsisted between the members of this family, excluded those kind attentions which soften the pain of sickness, and take from the weary couch its lassitude and anguish.

Lord Percival had never testified any affection for his younger son. The misfortune, which ought to have secured increasing tenderness, had only exposed him to continual mortification; and as he could in no way contribute to the family amusement, he was regarded as a being belonging to no one, and for whom no one felt an interest. In this dereliction of all apparent happiness, he had resorted to himself for those pleasures, the world seemed to deny him. His mind was comprehensive, his understanding clear, and reading, that source of endless pleasure, soon became his delight. The library was large and well chosen, and, though the present possessor took little delight in it,

it had been ſelected by a judicious and taſteful owner.

To this Mr. Edward reſorted; and found, in its treaſures, the ſolace of his lonely hours, the friend who lightened the infirmities of nature, and the companion who cheered the couch to which indiſpoſition ſo often confined him.

Thus had paſſed upwards of forty years of his lonely and apparently joyleſs life. He had often regretted that, amongſt the individuals of his family, there was not one whoſe taſte aſſimulated with his own. What then muſt have been his ſatisfaction in finding in Frederic a companion, who was verſed in his favorite purſuits, and had little leſs pleaſure in them than himſelf. Together they read, and together they converſed; and Frederic ſoon found, in the reſources of his uncle's mind, an inexhauſtible fund of improvement and pleaſure.

Emma, whenever ſhe was able, joined them; and as it was long ſince ſhe had given as much time to literary purſuits, as her

her taſte would have dictated, ſhe was eager to avail herſelf of her uncle's information, and when neither called upon by her grandfather or Lady Jane, ſhe always reſorted to him.

Lady Diana gave the firſt interruption to this pure and intellectual treat, by her inquiries how Emma ſpent her time; adding, "I hope you are not infected with the mania of learning, as that in a young woman who has pretenſions to birth is highly indecorous."

Emma modeſtly replied, "ſhe had no pretenſions to learning whatever, but ſhe was fond of reading, and had always been taught to conſider it, not only as a ſource of amuſement, but improvement."

"I am ſorry for it," replied her ladyſhip, "theſe are the ideas of a country perſon, born of low parentage, but you muſt now recollect from whom you are ſprung, and that it behoves you to conduct yourſelf accordingly."

Emma made anſwer, and gladly took the firſt opportunity of quitting the room.

She

She had written, after her arrival at the caſtle, to her friend Mrs. Fuller, and given her an account of her journey, and every thing at all worthy of notice. The good woman anſwered the letter immediately, and gave, in return, all the little anecdotes of the village. She mentioned the grief which Joe ſtill continued to feel for their departure—a grief ſo ſettled, that the poor fellow, ſhe ſaid, ſeemed to take no pleaſure in any thing.

Frederic and Emma were pleaſed, though pained, by this proof of his regard, and had it been in their power, would have ſent for him immediately; but as that was not they could only aſſure him of their friendſhip, and that if ever they had a home of their own, he might depend upon being invited to it.

They had not been many weeks in Scotland, when their amiable manners, and unwearied attention to their grandfather gained them a larger portion of his regard than he had ever teſtified for any of his children. Emma was his favorite nurſe,—

by

by her his pillow was placed moſt commodiouſly, and his chair drawn to the pleaſanteſt part of the room,—and with her he played back-gammon and chefs, or liſtened to the native attractions of her harmonious voice. If ſhe was employed in drawing, it muſt be in his apartment, and if ſhe was at work, ſhe muſt ſit beſide him.

Lady Diana, who had long felt the irkſomeneſs of a ſick room, was rejoiced to ſee this preference. She was no longer prevented the enjoyment of an occaſional ball, or a feſtive party; and though local obſtacles made theſe not very frequent, yet ſhe was glad to attend them when they offered.

Lady Jane had never been either her father's nurſe or attendant, and for this ſhe thought no other reaſon neceſſary, than the importance of the object which kept her away. Mr. Edward, from the unkindneſs with which he had always been treated, and the diſtance at which he had been kept, was in the habit of merely

making his daily enquiry, and entering his father's room no more.

Thus, Emma and her brother were his chief companions, and as from them he experienced neither neglect nor unkindneſs, even his cold heart expanded with affection, and he regretted that he had ſo long deprived himſelf of companions, ſo well able to chear the gloom of his lonely hours, and to ſmooth the rugged path of declining life. Never weary of doing all in their power to contribute to his comfort or pleaſure, they devoted the chief of their time to him. As they roſe early, and the ſeaſon of the year was favourable, they ſtill enjoyed a daily walk, and had in their rambles explored many wild and romantic ſpots, whither they frequently reſorted. At theſe hours, they enjoyed that free intercourſe, always ſo delightful, when ſimilarity of taſte ſtrengthens affection. The ſcenes of diſcord they witneſſed, had made them more than ever ſenſible of the bleſſing they poſſeſſed in each other. Lord Percival was ſtill the tyrant of his family;

and, even in ſickneſs and age, wielded his authority with a powerful arm; but, as he was neither loved nor reſpected, his commands were evaded, his orders neglected; and whilſt at a diſtance each pleaſed himſelf, he was left in his ſolitary apartment to murmur and threaten unheard and unheeded. But, though here his daughters and his ſon purſued the ſame conduct, their unanimity extended no farther—their purſuits, their views, their wiſhes, were all different; and ſo little affection ſubſiſted between them, that, inſtead of mutual toleration, each ſaw in the other ſomething to deride, and their lives were paſſed in thoſe perpetual bickerings which are ſo offenſive and ſo diſgraceful.

But, in continuing in Scotland, as in going to it, Frederic and Emma acted from a ſenſe of duty, and this enabled them to purſue their path with undeviating propriety, and gave a ſerenity to their minds, which their ſituation alone could never have imparted.

They

They had been about three months at the caſtle, when Lord Lowder arrived with his family from the ſouth. He had heard, with much anger, of the adoption of his nephew and niece, and his rage encreaſed when informed of the affection his father teſtified for them. Already, in idea, he ſaw the eſtates divided, and the object of ſo many years ſolicitude ſnatched from him. This was not to be borne. He had already eſſayed reaſoning and perſuaſion, and he determined, if the evil was really as great as he apprehended, to purſue more decided meaſures. In this frame of mind, and brooding over his imaginary wrongs, he haſtened to the caſtle. The ſervant would have announced him, but he deſired him not, ſaying he ſhould go himſelf, and ſurprize his father. He walked with a ſofter tread than uſual through the long gallery, and opening the door, beheld a ſight which almoſt petrified him.

The Earl was playing cheſs with Frederic, who ſat oppoſite to him; whilſt leaning-

leaning over his chair, her arm reſting on his ſhoulder, was Emma, whom he regarded from time to time with expreſſive fondneſs.

The worſt fears of his lordſhip were confirmed, and it was with difficulty he ſufficiently reſtrained his rage, to pay his reſpects to his father, who, having been much intereſted by the game, did not immediately perceive his entrance.

"Ah! is it you, Charles?" cried his lordſhip, in a tone of aſtoniſhment; "I did not know you were returned."

"We came home only laſt night, Sir."

There was ſomething in his lordſhip's manner as he made this anſwer, which his father perfectly comprehended; but he choſe not to notice it, and after ſome pauſe, ſaid, "you ſee I have had an addition to my family ſince you left us; and the pleaſure I have derived from it, makes me regret I have been ſo long without it."

Lord Lowder caſt a malignant glance upon the objects of this eulogium, and ſaid, with

with a reſentment he ſeemed unable to ſubdue, " I wonder, Sir, at your time of life, you ſhould wiſh to encumber yourſelf with any addition to a family, which, you muſt know, is already ſufficiently large."

Emma, in evident confuſion, bent her eyes on the carpet; Frederic roſe, with an impulſe of proud reſentment, and the earl replied, " this is not a ſubject I think it neceſſary to diſcuſs. It is ſufficient, that it is my pleaſure to have my grandchildren, and thoſe of the family, to whom it is diſagreeable, have nothing to do but to withdraw themſelves from our ſociety." His lordſhip bit his lips, and riſing with a vehemence which almoſt threw his chair on the floor, aſked if Lady Diana was at home.

His father replied ſhe was, and added, " Emma would ſee for her." Emma moved towards the door, happy to eſcape a ſcene which was likely to be ſo turbulent.

Lord Lowder, perceiving her intention, ſaid,

ſaid, " no, no, there is no occaſion ; I will go to my ſiſter myſelf ;" and he immediately quitted the room.

Lady Diana had not heard of his arrival, and was much ſurpriſed to ſee him. He waited impatiently the concluſion of a ſpeech ſhe made to him on his father's improved health, and the ſatisfaction he derived from the ſociety of his grandchildren, and then with impatience and indignation exclaimed, " is it poſſible you have given this improper ſcheme your ſanction? I had hoped you had more true regard for the honour of your family."—" And how," cried Lady Diana, who was always offended when her opinions were contradicted, " how can the honour of our family be injured by the performance of a duty towards its members? My brother's orphan children are too nearly connected with us to be left in beggary ; and though it is many years ſince Frederic left us, I never remember him otherwiſe than very amiable."

" Stuff and nonſenſe!" cried Lord Lowder ; " has that any thing to do with my father's

father's encumbering himself with a second family?"

"I think it has a great deal," said her ladyship, disdainfully.

"Ah! I see how it is," cried his lordship; "those artful little upstarts have cajoled you to their interest, and the consequences are easily foreseen. My father is a mere child himself; every one, who has sufficient art, may inveigle him to what they like; and it is hardly to be supposed, this boy and girl have been brought up by the old parson to be wanting in that. However, it is for me to take care it does not succeed. The heir of the titles and fortune of my father shall not be impoverished to enrich beggars." As he said this, he walked furiously about the room. His sister regarded him in silent astonishment. That he would be offended at the adoption of Frederic and Emma, she had expected—but rancour such as this she was not prepared for.

Of every tender feeling towards her nephew and niece, she was incapable, but the

the ſhare ſhe had in bringing them to the caſtle, made her pride more irritable, and inſtead of anſwering her brother, ſhe ſat down in angry ſilence.

He was not ſlow in obſerving the effects of his conduct; and although his anger had thrown him off his guard, to offend her was not his wiſh. He endeavoured, by artfully placing the matter in the light of a general concern, to win her to his intereſts—but he did not ſucceed. Her own fortune was ſo large, that ſhe was indifferent to all pecuniary motives; and ſhe had too little affection for her elder brother, to adopt, excluſively, his intereſts. They therefore parted mutually diſpleaſed, whilſt the innocent objects of ſo much malice, were, though from different motives, little leſs uneaſy. The proud ſpirit of Frederic brooked not diſdain; he felt his uncle's conduct—he penetrated, too eaſily, his motives; and he determined, in the firſt moments of his reſentment, to quit a place where he was ſubject to ſuch indignity.

Emma,

Emma, terrified by her uncle's manners, and awed by his preſence, wiſhed never to ſee him more; but her feelings were ſoon abſorbed in others far more painful.

The firſt time they were alone after his lordſhip's viſit, Frederic unfolded to her a ſcheme which aſtoniſhed, and imparted nothing but uneaſineſs.

"My Emma," ſaid he, in anſwer to a repreſentation ſhe had made of all ſhe muſt endure in loſing him, "I cannot lead this inactive life—I cannot even perſuade myſelf it is my duty to do ſo. Our grandfather's life is precarious—you already ſee what we may expect from his heir. Let me then entreat you to concur in my wiſhes, when I ſolicit my grandfather's intereſt to enter the army. That has long been the decided wiſh of my heart. There I may gain a name it will be no diſhonour to acknowledge—there I may find that emolument which will lift my Emma above dependence."

"Ah! think not of me," ſaid Emma; "I am

"I am not covetous of wealth; let me but live with thoſe I love, and I aſk no more."

"The fear of afflicting you," ſaid Frederic, "has alone prevented my mentioning this ſome time ago. I am not formed for inactive life, and though I acknowledge the ſatisfaction of contributing to our grandfather's comfort, I have yet other duties, to which this muſt yield."

It was in vain that he endeavoured to repreſent to her all the advantages reſulting from his ſcheme; ſhe ſaw in it nothing but her father's fate—a long ſeparation from his friends—captivity—or death. Her tears were powerful incentives in the breaſt of her brother, yet he had long and deliberately weighed his ſcheme; and it not only met his perfect approbation, but his warmeſt wiſhes. He flattered himſelf that after the firſt ſhock was over, even his ſiſter would approve it, could he convince her, as he was ſure he might, that it was ſo unexceptionable.

Lord Lowder in the mean time had made daily visits to the castle, where his watchful jealousy found new cause of uneasiness in the increasing interest testified for his brother's orphans. Had he dared act as he wished, he would instantly have removed them, and placed them where they should never disturb his tranquillity more—but his power was not, at present, undisputed, and he saw, with increased animosity, that his brother and sisters, so far from seconding his views, joined the family compact against him. His only hope rested on undermining their influence, by defaming their characters; but even this was not easy to accomplish, as those with whom they were connected, were all warmly in their interest. Whilst he was revolving these things in his mind, he heard, with a joy which he strove not to conceal, Frederic's wish of entering the army. He determined to forward it as much as possible, with the secret hope, that should he be ordered on some foreign expedition, a friendly bullet, or some epidemic

epidemic diſorder, might remove him for ever.

Frederic had at laſt by dint of perſuaſion, induced his ſiſter to accede to his wiſhes; but he had perſuaded, not convinced her; and though ſhe ſtrove to conceal from him all ſhe felt, it was very often but too viſible.

He ſolicited his grandfather's intereſt in the purchaſe of a commiſſion; this was readily promiſed; though the earl ſaid, he ſhould have liked his remaining at the caſtle much better, and he wiſhed he could have made himſelf happy in ſo doing.

Frederic pleaded his long predilection—ſaid it was an inherited fondneſs, and had been one of the firſt ideas he had cheriſhed.

The earl heard him without adopting his opinions; he however immediately employed a proper perſon to make the purchaſe, and in a few weeks' every thing was ſettled.

Whatever pleaſure theſe arrangements communicated to her brother, to Emma they were moſt afflicting: ſhe ſtrove indeed to hide what ſhe felt, but a ſeparation from one ſo tenderly beloved, was a trial as great as any ſhe had endured. Her father's ſad fate was ever preſent to her imagination, and ſhe believed when ſhe parted from her brother, the parting would be final.

At length the day ſo much dreaded arrived—Frederic received a ſummons to join his regiment, and his departure could be delayed no longer.

Amidſt the ſanguine hopes and gay views which opened on his youthful imagination, his heart acknowledged a bitter pang, in bidding adieu to his beloved Emma.

"My deareſt ſiſter," ſaid he, as he folded her to his boſom in a parting embrace, "do not thus afflict yourſelf. I am going where honour and glory call me; but my heart ſtill is your's—your image will impel me to every noble action, and the ſweet reward of all my toils ſhall be your

your approbation. I will not fail to write to you often—let this, then, console you; we shall meet again be assured, and meet to enjoy many happy years."

Emma admitted not this idea, and as the chaise drove from the door, thought she had bid adieu to earthly happiness for ever. She hastened to her own room, for she was unable to join her grandfather, whose ill-concealed regret only augmented her's.

If, however, to so many this arrangement was afflicting, to one being it imparted exulting pleasure. Frederic, in arranging his plans, had determined to take Joe as his servant. The poor fellow was so enraptured at the idea, that his joy was almost wild. He was immediately sent for into Scotland, and placed at the height of all his wishes.

After the separation of dear friends, nothing is so dreadful as that vacuum which succeeds, particularly to the party which is left behind. Emma could neither pursue her accustomed occupations, nor find pleasure in her accustomed amusements; he,

who had given intereſt to the one, and more than half their charms to the other, was gone—and with him was fled, as ſhe thought, every proſpect of happineſs.

At length, a letter from him in ſome degree mitigated her affliction. He arrived ſafely at Norwich, where the regiment was then quartered. He told her, "he was much pleaſed with what he had ſeen of his brother officers; and could he be aſſured ſhe was reconciled to his plan, he ſhould have nothing farther to wiſh." Pleaſed to know he was thus ſatisfied, ſhe would not in her anſwer ſpeak of thoſe regrets, which yet too bitterly corroded her peace, but aſſured him, "if he was happy, ſhe ſhould learn to be ſo."

Yet the hourly regrets ſhe felt for his abſence, did not confirm this aſſertion: her walks, her purſuits, her amuſements, were all joyleſs; he who had given them their ſweeteſt intereſt, was no longer with her.

But if the peace of Emma was thus embittered by her brother's abſence, the heart of

of Lord Lowder exulted in it. True, indeed, his ſcheme was but half accompliſhed, whilſt his father retained his partial regard; but even this he feared not undermining; and though time and patience were neceſſary to the execution of his plan, he nevertheleſs regarded its completion as certain. For Emma he had other views—but theſe were more difficult of acceſs; and he determined not to occupy himſelf with them till the more important point of Frederic's alienation was accompliſhed.

Frederic, in the mean time, happy in active purſuits, and in contemplating the field, which, he thought, lay open to his aſpiring mind, ſcarcely thought of his uncle after he left Scotland, and certainly never ſuſpected that even his malice was capable of a premeditated injury.

The better to conceal his deſigns, his lordſhip had greatly relaxed the apparent ill-will with which he firſt ſaw his orphan relations; and Frederic, who in his own boſom knew not deceit, ſuſpected it not in another, but felt aſſured that his uncle's

conduct, which was at first so offensive, was only the momentary effusion of a tyrannical and envious spirit.

However tardily time passed in Scotland, with him it flew with a rapidity wholly new. The officers of the corps were, in general, men of respectability, his seniors; and though of good families, were but little favoured by fortune. Their habits were not expensive, and their mess, though conducted without parsimony, admitted not extravagance. This was most pleasing to Frederic, who had other views than those of self-gratification; for though his grandfather's allowance was more than he had dared to hope, it was not such as warranted him to be lavish. He had, besides, wishes in regard to his sister, which made all other's secondary; and to see these accomplished, was his cherished, though secret hope.

The regiment had been nearly eight months in Norwich and its vicinity, when orders were received to prepare for foreign service, and to march immediately to Portsmouth.

mouth. This, though from the ſtate of the continent, ſome time expected, was to many, moſt unwelcome. Not ſo to Frederic—it opened to him a wider field, and ſhewed thoſe proſpects of promotion of which he was ſo deſirous. He would have been glad, had it been poſſible to have made a viſit to Scotland previous to his embarkation; but as it was not, he endeavoured to repreſs all deſultory wiſhes, and to find in his preſent deſtination, what he had ſo eagerly deſired. He wrote to his ſiſter, and aſſured her, that nothing but the moſt urgent neceſſity ſhould have induced him to quit the kingdom, without ſeeing her. Aſſurances of unalterable regard, intreaties to ſupport her ſpirits, and to cheriſh the hopes of a meeting, which, though diſtant, would be moſt delightful, concluded the letter; and this, with a few ſucceeding lines, written at ſea, and put on board a veſſel returning to England, in which he informed her their deſtination was to ſome part of the Neapolitan dominions, was the laſt ſhe received from him.

The increaſed kindneſs of her grandfather, had indeed made her ſituation much more comfortable; but ſtill her heart ſecretly pined for the diſtant object of her regard; and all that affluence could beſtow, or kindneſs impart, were powerleſs to eraſe from her boſom her deep regrets.

Theſe were not diminiſhed by the information of his foreign expedition, which mixed anxious fears for his ſafety, with her own perſonal loſs; and in the dread that he was never more deſtined to reviſit his native ſhores, ſhe felt in her heart a deſpondence which clouded her features, and gave a ſadneſs to her thoughts, which was ſoon viſible in her pallid looks and emaciated form. Her grandfather firſt perceived it, and enquired, with unaffected ſolicitude, if ſhe was ill. She aſſured him ſhe was not; but this did not ſatisfy him, whilſt the change in her appearance every day increaſed.

Little as was the kindneſs the earl's family had experienced from him, he ſhewed in regard to Frederic and Emma, that his heart was not incapable of the ſofter af-

fections; and that, however for a time, partial views and excluſive aggrandizement, had occupied him, there needed only filial tenderneſs, and thoſe attentions ſo gratifying to a parent, to ſecure at leaſt ſome portion of his eſteem. His anxiety increaſed, as he ſaw her ſpirits decline with her health, and notwithſtanding her aſſurances that ſhe was perfectly well, he inſiſted upon her having ſome medical advice. The family phyſician was ſent for, who adviſed change of air, and gayer ſcenes.

Among Lord Lowder's numerous family, his ſecond daughter had diſtinguiſhed Emma with marked attention. This was not ungratefully returned; and in ſpite of the father's moroſeneſs, was a ſource of increaſing pleaſure to both.

Lady Lowder, beſides other valuable poſſeſſions, had brought her Lord as a dower, a large eſtate in the weſtern iſlands. Thither the family occaſionally reſorted, and as the time fixed for their viſit now approached, and an invitation was given to Emma to accompany them, her grand-

father wiſhed her moſt earneſtly to accept it;—but the character of her uncle was ſo repulſive to her, and that of her aunt ſo little more conciliating, that ſhe had no inclination to be of the party. Her only inducement if ſhe had any, was the amiable ſociety of her couſin—The matter, however, was ſo ſtrongly urged, not only by her grandfather, but by this affectionate girl, that Emma no longer objected. The party embarked, and reached the place of their deſtination in ſafety. Little as was the pleaſure ſhe had promiſed herſelf from this excurſion, ſhe was agreeably ſurprized to find herſelf much more at her eaſe than ſhe expected.

Her couſin was ſedulouſly attentive to do every thing which could afford her pleaſure, and even Lord and Lady Lowder relaxed their cold hauteur. Emma and Louiſa amuſed themſelves with rambles amongſt the rocks, and explored almoſt every ſpot around. It had been propoſed one day that they ſhould viſit an adjacent iſland; Emma felt little inclination to be of

the party, as her couſin, who was confined with a cold, could not accompany them. Neither her uncle or aunt would, however, excuſe her; and their behaviour had been ſo kind, that ſhe wiſhed not to offend them. The day proved unuſually irkſome to her, and ſhe pined for the hour of their return.

To while away the time, ſhe rambled to examine the ruins of an old building, which her uncle told her was well worth obſervation. She found it more than anſwer her expectation; and after obſerving it ſome time, ſhe ſat down on one of the fragments, watching the billows which murmured at its baſe. The ſky was cloudy and threatening, and the ſea-fowl as they dipped their wings in the billows, uttered their harſh ſcreams, which were made more diſcordant by the increaſed howling of the wind.

Whilſt ſhe ſate, one of the ſervants came to inform her, his lordſhip wiſhed to reembark, as he thought a tempeſt was coming on, which would otherwiſe prevent their return. Emma roſe immediately; but the

the man told her he had brought the boat, as it would be much quicker than croſſing the iſland. He then led the way round a projecting crag, and unmooring a little ſkiff, entered with her, and plied his oars with ſuch rapidity, that Emma, who as ſhe ſat could not help remarking the ſtrange expreſſion of his features, aſked him if he was not afraid of being overtaken by the ſtorm? He ſaid he was, and that the tide was ſo ſtrong againſt them, it would be neceſſary to make a conſiderable circuit, in order to reach the other ſide of the iſland.

"I wiſh," ſaid ſhe with ſome anxiety, "you had ſuffered me to walk."

He replied, "It would have been better had he known the difficulties they ſhould meet with; but as it was, they had only to make the beſt of it, as going back would be as bad as going on."

Emma looked anxiouſly towards the ſhore, but ſhe thought inſtead of approaching, they went from it. She noticed this.

"There is no help for it, Miſs," replied the

the ſervant, "we muſt go with the tide; and I now begin to think we muſt make for that iſland to the weſt, or elſe ſleep in the boat all night, which I ſhould not care to do with that ſky over our heads."

Emma in terror, bitterly repented having accompanied him.

He looked at her with a malicious ſmile, and ſaid, "ſhe might be much worſe off."

Still more terrified, ſhe aſked to whom the iſland belonged?

He ſaid to his lordſhip.

In a little time there ſeemed no alternative; the clouds which had long threatened, had burſt over them, and made Emma glad to ſhelter herſelf in a boat-cloak which ſhe found. The wind increaſed, the thunder growled—and the man who before had teſtified the moſt perfect nonchalance, now ſeemed impreſſed with ſome ſecret terror. He muttered a prayer, and relaxing the vigour with which he had endeavoured to ſtem the torrent, ſaid "he could pull no longer."

"What

" What then muſt become of us?" ſaid the agitated Emma.

" Why, I ſuppoſe we muſt go to the bottom," replied the man ſurlily.

Emma made no anſwer—the thought of her brother paſſed in ſad recollections acroſs her mind. " We ſhall meet no more," ſaid ſhe to herſelf; and tears ſtole down her cheeks. " Yet we ſhall meet," ſhe added, " where every trouble will be over." She folded her arms, and fixing her eyes on the darkened vault above, ſat expecting her fate—not a ray broke on the diſmal gloom—no ſtar twinkled—no waning moon lent its feeble aid. The man who had thrown down his oars in deſpair, now reſumed them, and at length exclaimed, " Here's old Sawny's cottage! I ſee the light;" and without attending to Emma's queſtion, " were they near the ſhore?" he rowed with more than his former vigour.

" There we have it," at length he exclaimed, entering what to Emma appeared a creek. In a few minutes the boat touched

ed the ground, and the man in a voice of thunder called to Sawny.

In about five minutes a light was ſeen advancing; a man with a lantern came to the water's edge, and ſhowed where the boat was to be moored.

In the midſt of the joy which Emma felt at being thus providentially reſcued from an untimely fate, ſhe could not but obſerve the ſtrange appearance of Sawny, as the light which he carried threw its faint ray upon him. He was of a ſtature uncommonly large and muſcular, but his appearance beſpoke extreme poverty; he was without ſhoes or ſtockings, and over the tatters which compoſed his garments, was thrown a ſtriped petticoat, apparently belonging to his wife or daughter.

Since her reſidence in the iſlands, ſhe had viewed wretchedneſs and poverty, in almoſt every form, but ſhe thought this man was more ſtrikingly miſerable than every other ſhe had ſeen; and there was ſomething in the expreſſion of his countenance, from which ſhe ſhrunk with terror.

Drenched

Drenched with rain, ſhe followed in ſilence whither her guide led her. Faint, ſpiritleſs, and ſtill impreſſed with ſecret dread, ſhe proceeded with tottering ſteps. The ſervant, who had accompanied her was in earneſt converſation with Sawny—they ſpoke a language ſhe did not underſtand—but ſhe regarded their countenances as the light fell upon them, and they gave her the idea of banditti. She ſilently committed herſelf to the protection of Providence, and purſued her devious way.

They ſoon reached a cottage, whoſe miſerable appearance, did not help to leſſen her uneaſineſs.

"Here," ſaid Sawny, opening the door of an inner room, "here is a place fit for a Queen. You may ſoon recover yourſelf here."

Emma looked in, and ſaw a bed without furniture, a broken chair, and a piece of wood rudely nailed together for a table. She ſtopped a moment to requeſt her companion to depart as early in the morning as poſſible. He aſſured her he would;

and

and ſhe then retired to bed. Her ſlumbers were perturbed; for her mind retained the impreſſions with which ſhe had cloſed her eyes, and ſhe aroſe in the morning little refreſhed, and moſt eager to be gone.

She dreſſed with the utmoſt expedition, and opened her door expecting to ſee the man in readineſs; but no one was in the room. She liſtened—no ſound paſſed upon her ears. "Is it poſſible," ſaid ſhe to herſelf, "they ſhould not yet be up!"

The caſement which admitted the only light the room received, fronted the ſea. She looked involuntarily towards it—and in the fartheſt diſtance ſhe perceived a boat—ſudden horror ſeized her;—"can it be?" ſaid ſhe, with a ſort of convulſive ſcream, as ſhe deſcended the cliff. It overlooked the creek, which they had entered the night before; the boat was gone—a total annihilation of life ſeemed to follow; her breath was ſuſpended, her ſight grew dim; and incapable of all effort to ſave herſelf, ſhe ſunk lifeleſs on the earth.

When ſhe recovered, ſhe found herſelf lying

lying on the bed, and a young girl of a pleaſing countenance, ſtanding by her.

" Oh! is he indeed gone?" ſaid ſhe, her mind inſtantly reverting to its late courſe of terror.

The girl made no anſwer, and appeared not to underſtand her. She repeated her queſtion.

" My father is in the next room," ſaid the girl in a low voice.

The agonized Emma thought ſhe underſtood her; ſhe roſe precipitately, and opened the door, perceived Sawny ſeated at a table with a kan and his pipe.

" Young Lady," ſaid he, in a ſurly tone, at the ſame time emptying the aſhes from his pipe, " I tell you what; its of no uſe taking on in this manner; you are to ſtay here a little while; but here's Joan to attend you; and every thing you can wiſh, ſo let us have no more of this pother. When I am at home I like to be comfortable.

" Then it is, as I dreaded," cried Emma, with a look of wildneſs which ſeemed to

to ſtartle the man. "But it ſhall not ſucceed—his cruel policy ſhall be defeated." As ſhe ſaid this, ſhe was making to the door, but the man haſtily aroſe, and ſeizing her arm, ſaid in a peremptory tone, "I'll have none of this; if you do not behave properly, you ſhall be locked into your room, 'tis your own fault if I come to extremities."

Emma regarded him ſome moments in ſilent horror, then burſting into a convulſive agony of tears, ſhe returned to her room. Joan followed her, and though ſhe ſeemed afraid to ſpeak, yet, by a thouſand little attentions, ſhe ſhewed how ſincerely ſhe ſympathized in the grief of her unfortunate priſoner.

Emma, though too much horror ſtricken to derive immediate conſolation from any ſource, was not inſenſible to the ſympathy teſtified by this poor creature. All which at preſent dwelt upon her mind, was the anguiſh of being immured for life, in a diſtant and deſolate iſland. That her uncle had contrived this ſcheme to ſeparate her

her from her grandfather ſhe had no doubt; but what cruelty was in the thought! ſhut out from ſociety,—dead to her friends,—and condemned to drag on a wretched, though perhaps, long exiſtence! "Oh, my dear brother!" ſaid ſhe,—ſobs almoſt choaking her utterance, "how truly did my heart forbode, when I thought our parting would be final!"

This idea, more dreadful than any other, quite overpowered her, and ſhe remained for ſome weeks in a ſtate of grief ſo deſperate, that her kind attendant thought death would ſoon relieve her from the horrors of captivity.

She ſcarcely ate any thing, and only that little when it was almoſt forced upon her. It was in vain Joan intreated her to be conſoled; in vain ſhe exerted every effort to amuſe her. Emma received her efforts with thanks, but they imparted little conſolation. Slowly paſſed the miſerable days, in bitter regret, in fruitleſs plans of eſcape, and in dreadful anticipation of future evil.

"Is

"Is it poſſible," thought ſhe, "that my uncle can be ſuch a monſter! could not pity for what a daughter of his own would have endured in my circumſtances, move his callous heart! all he dreaded was my influence with my grandfather; and to deſtroy that no action has been deemed too atrocious. Oh if any ſimilar ſcheme ſhould have been planned for Frederic!" So great was her dread of this, that every other evil vaniſhed before it; and ſhe thought, was ſhe once aſſured of his ſafety, her own ſorrows would be eaſier borne.

As Sawny was in general from home during the day, ſhe was left entirely with her humble companion; who, when her taſk of work was finiſhed, which was in general a very hard one, would devote her time to Emma.

The want of employment, aggravated, moſt bitterly, Emma's ſituation, and ſhe enquired of Joan if it was impoſſible to procure any books?

The girl replied ſhe feared it was, not—

ſhe

ſhe had herſelf a bible, which her mother had deſired her to be careful of, but ſhe had never ſeen any other book.

" And is your mother dead?" aſked Emma.

The girl replied, wiping a tear from her eye, " ſhe was; ſhe had been dead ſome time. We were better off than we are now," ſaid ſhe with a deep ſigh; " and when our troubles came, they weighed my mother quite down,—we had a little cottage, and fifty goats, and twelve cows,—but father got behind with my lord's taksman, and at laſt every thing was taken from him, and he is now working out ſome of his debts—but we had better all have died than have lived to be the ſlaves we are. Ah, Miſs, my mother was a dear good woman—and I uſed to go every Sunday with her to the kirk at yonder iſland; if you pleaſe to look this way you may ſee it."

Emma followed the direction of Joan's finger, and plainly diſtinguiſhed not only the iſland, but the buildings upon it.

A ſud-

A ſudden hope darted acroſs her mind, as ſhe aſked, with an animated countenance, how far it was diſtant.

" Not above a league," replied the girl, " mother and I have gone many a time in an hour."

Emma regarded her ſeveral minutes with the moſt fixed attention, " ſhe will befriend me," ſaid ſhe; " that countenance was never intended to accompany an unfeeling heart. I will tell my ſad ſtory, and ſhe will aſſiſt me."

She advanced a few ſteps nearer Joan, and laying her hand upon her arm, with a look which would have penetrated the moſt unfeeling boſom, ſaid, " do you wiſh to ſerve me?"

As ſhe ſpoke, tears of regret and anguiſh trickled down her pale cheeks.

" Do I wiſh to ſerve you?" ſaid Joan, holding with a ſtronger preſſure the hand which was laid upon her's, " Oh that I do! only in one inſtance I dare do nothing, but in every other you may command me."

" Ah!" ſaid Emma, " that one!

" My dear lady," cried the girl, tears ſtanding in her eyes, " ſince father became a ſcallag he is quite altered—he does not care what action he commits, and he treats me ſo cruelly that I often wiſh I was with my dear mother. She never ſpoke an unkind word to me, and Oh! how I loved her!" here the ſobs of Joan prevented her going on; at length ſhe continued, " father had no doubt but you would try to get away, and he made me take the moſt ſolemn oath that I would not aſſiſt you. I dare not break it—my mother, when ſhe ſaw I ſhould no other comfort, taught me to look for it in my religion. Had I firſt ſeen you, I think I could never have taken ſuch an oath, but as I have, I muſt keep it."

" And did you take it before I came?" cried Emma, " then you expected me?"

" Yes we did."

The poor unfortunate Emma, convinced by this that her miſerable lot was determined, gave way to the moſt bitter anguiſh.

"Oh!" ſhe exclaimed, "if I could but reach yonder iſland! There I might find ſome one, who would reſtore me to my friends!"

Joan looked at her with much commiſeration, but ſhe ſpoke not, and Emma continued to weep.

Three months paſſed in this manner—in which time ſhe ſaw no one but Sawney and his daughter—except a few wretched beings who inhabited the oppoſite ſide of the iſland, and were alſo ſlaves to their lord. She had endeavoured to explore the iſland, but it was ſo croſſed and interſected by lakes, that ſhe could proceed but a very ſhort way—and indeed the view ſhe had of it, from ſome of the higher rocks, gave her no reaſon to ſuppoſe, had ſhe ſucceeded, ſhe ſhould have gained any ſuccour. She would ſit hours upon the top of the cliff, and watch the billows as they murmured in ſucceſſion, and with every receding one ſend a bitter ſigh to abſent friends.

In the mean time her uncle rejoiced in

the ſucceſs of his ſcheme. He told, at his return to the caſtle, a plauſible tale, that, in ſailing round the iſland with one of ſervants, ſhe had been overtaken by a ſtorm.—That terror had ſo unnerved her mind, ſhe was almoſt frantic; and the ſudden ſhifting of one of the ſails, had given her a blow which had thrown her into the ſea; from which no effort of the man's could recover her.

This information was received, not only by the earl, but by every individual of the family, with the moſt poignant regret; the amiable manners of Emma had made her a general favorite, and gained her friends, even in thoſe whoſe boſoms ſeemed invulnerable to the ſofter affections. But he, who moſt bitterly felt her loſs, was the earl; he was again left to unſolaced imbecility; again his couch was chearleſs—his hours paſſed in joyleſs vacuity. Every day ſeemed to encreaſe his regret, and inſtead of attaching himſelf more to the reſt of his family, he regarded them with more querulous diſcontent, or ill-ſuppreſſed mur-

murs.—Lord Lowder was of all leaſt pleaſing to him. He remembered his conduct when Emma and her brother were firſt received at the caſtle; and he was convinced, though he might not be ſo inhuman as to rejoice in the preſent event, he did not regret it. This was moſt offenſive to the earl. His converſation, his thoughts were all of Emma—her excellencies, her attention to him, was the conſtant theme of his praiſe.

This could not but be offenſive to his ſon,—whoſe work was but half completed if he could not eraſe her image, as well as remove her. Conſtantly occupied in this idea, his mind was the prey of diſcontent and bitterneſs, nor was this decreaſed, when his father talked of recalling Frederic, to ſupply, in ſome meaſure, his ſiſter's loſs.

Hitherto nothing had been practiſed upon Frederic; but much was planned. His lordſhip, who was not unacquainted with his nephew's diſpoſition, dared not eſſay the ſame method for him he had

adopted for Emma, but he hoped by abſcence, and procuring ſurreptitious proofs that his conduct was that of the moſt profligate young man, to alienate his grandfather eventually from him—but even this his return would prevent.

In vain his lordſhip endeavoured, by introducing as much as poſſible his own children at the caſtle, to give them the place which Emma and her brother had occupied,—they were ill qualified for the taſk. Except Louiſa, they had little to attract, ſtill leſs to conciliate—and the earl regarded them with the depreciating eye of compariſon.

Things were in this ſtate. when letters were received from Frederic—announcing his diſembarkation in Calabria, and giving an account of a battle which had ſince taken place. "The Engliſh," ſaid he, "have gained laurels, which I truſt will never be tarniſhed; the French have been taught that they are not invulnerable, and that Britiſh valour, and Britiſh loyalty, are not to be daunted by numbers, however ſuperior,

ſuperior, nor terrified to defeat, even by the proud boaſt of conſtant victory." The letter was addreſſed to his grandfather;—he continued, "I am afraid, my dear ſir, that you will accuſe me of having learned Gallic boaſting, but my boſom is fired for the honour of my country, and every pulſation is ſtronger, as I hear her menaced by a band of regicides."

It was long ſince the earl had felt any patriotic emotions; but he was not inſenſible to them in his grandſon, and he declared, with feelings of proud exultation, that Frederic would live to be a general, and to ennoble his family.

Lord Lowder was preſent; and perhaps a keener pang than this praiſe could not have been inflicted. To hear the commendations of one, whom he conſidered ſtanding between him and his aggrandizement, and whoſe influence he had long ſo ſedulouſly endeavoured to deſtroy, was wounding him in the way in which he was moſt vulnerable. He waited with impatience till his father had finiſhed ſpeaking, and then

ſaid, "little credit, ſir, ought to be given to the exaggerated details of a young man, who being new to the ſervice, thinks every ſkirmiſh a victory, and every advantage, however trifling, a conqueſt."

The earl piqued for the honour of his grandſon, and ſtill more for the truth of his prediction, declared he believed every tittle of what had been advanced, more eſpecially as the public prints, corroborated his teſtimony, and ſpoke of the conduct of the Engliſh in terms of the higheſt praiſe.

Lord Lowder endeavoured to prove that no credit was to be given to newſpapers; but he did not ſucceed, and returned home the prey of encreaſed jealouſy, and meditating plans of ſucceſsful revenge.

The next poſt brought a letter for Emma; the ſight of the addreſs awakened in the earl all thoſe bitter regrets, which time had, in ſome meaſure, began to lull.

Letters had been immediately written to inform Frederic of the dreadful event—but he had not received them, as was evident

by

by his writing. This ſhock he was indeed ſpared; but the one he was deſtined to endure was ſufficiently keen to a mind ſuch as his. In a battle, which followed that in which he had ſo honourably diſtinguiſhed himſelf, in endeavouring to reſcue the colours from the hand of the enemy, he was ſeverely wounded. He however ſucceeded in his purpoſe, and was exulting, in the midſt of bodily ſuffering, that the Engliſh banners ſhould grace no Gallic triumph, when he was again aſſailed by a party of French troops. Weak from loſs of blood, and unable longer to maintain the reſiſtance which his ſpirit impelled, he was obliged to ſurrender; and with a bitterneſs of anguiſh ſcarcely to be deſcribed, he ſaw himſelf conveyed to the French quarters.

All the deſpair which is felt when hope is ſuddenly extinguiſhed corroded his boſom; he had flattered himſelf that the end of the campaign would not only do credit to his name, but would reward him with that promotion which was the che-

riſhed object of his aſpiring thoughts. But now what a dreary reverſe preſented itſelf! wounded—a priſoner in a foreign camp—when might he hope for liberation!

The enemy had refuſed all terms of exchange, and he might be doomed to drag on an inglorious exiſtence for the remainder of the war, till honour and promotion ſhould be ſnatched from his graſp. He had before, in the vivid dreams of his imagination, pictured to himſelf the reception he ſhould meet from his ſiſter, when raiſed to a ſituation which would enable him to offer her a home, and make her the miſtreſs of it. He knew her domeſtic habits, and felt how delightful it would be to him, after the toils of war, to repoſe in ſociety ſuch as her's. But now, every hope was blaſted; he muſt ſit down in inglorious captivity, and hear the trumpet, and "the ſpirit-ſtirring drum," without anſwering their call. His feelings aroſe to agony, and not all the rhetoric of honeſt Joe, who, in never quitting his ſide, had been the companion of his misfortunes, had

had any effect. To add to his mortification, he heard, the next day, the battle had been decisive in favour of the English. He had shared their toil, but not their glory; and to be robbed of that, was, to the ardent mind of Frederic, to be robbed of his dearest treasure.

After, however, the first emotion of disappointed ambition subsided, reason claimed her influence. He reflected that nothing was so variable as the fate of a soldier—nothing so chequered as his career. To be one day the theme of praise, the hero of a camp, the next, a captive, robbed of his honours, had been the fate of many a brave veteran. Why then should he murmur if it was his? Though hitherto refusing all terms of exchange, the enemy might relax in their haughty demands; and if they did not, he would himself essay to be free. To be once again with his regiment, what perils, what evils did he fear?

Whilst he was indulging these thoughts, the news of his captivity reached Scotland.

"Am I to be robbed of both my children," said the earl, tears trickling down his aged cheeks. "Have I so tardily found their worth, to be so soon deprived of them?"

Lord Lowder was present—he heard his father with impatience, and said, "nothing else was to be expected. The boy's rhodomontade shewed what a Quixote he was; and if he chose to encounter windmills, it was no wonder he was caught by the sails. This, however, would teach him a little prudence, and he thought it was a very timely lesson."

"He has, however, a very fine spirit," said Mr. Edward Percival; "and I should be sorry that any thing should happen to damp it. His fault, if it is a fault, is that of ardent youth. Frederic has no selfish feelings; and to devote himself to his country, or for the service of his friends, would be his first desire. He will yet, I trust, fulfil my father's prediction, and live to be a general."

"I am afraid not," said the earl; "the French

French treat their priſoners cruelly, and what with diſappointment, and what with ſuffering, the poor fellow will break his heart."

A ſecret wiſh aroſe in the boſom of Lord Lowder, that this might be the caſe; and with difficulty, in the midſt of the family regrets, could he conceal his pleaſure: he now hoped, the objects of his long uneaſineſs were, for ever, removed—for he doubted not, but the impetuous temper of Frederic would induce him to make ſome deſperate effort to eſcape, which would, in all probability, cauſe his deſtruction.

Already relieved from his great anxiety, he contemplated, with increaſed impatience, the moment of full enjoyment, when, in poſſeſſion of his father's titles and eſtates, he ſhould have no rivals to fear, no donations to dread. The period ſeemed faſt approaching—borne down by the anxiety he had endured—diſappointed in his deareſt hopes of being nurſed by his Emma in his laſt moments, and of being gratified by the

praiſes

praiſes of Frederic's valour, a ſlow fever ſeemed conſuming his frame, and carrying him to that grave already open for him.

The joys of ſocial life he had never known; his unjuſt conduct towards his children, his excluſive care of his eldeſt ſon, had baniſhed all domeſtic peace from his roof. The arrogant claims of Lord Lowder had made him obnoxious to all, and, however, in other points the family differed, they all agreed in cheriſhing Frederic and Fmma, who ſeemed the only check to his ſelfiſh wiſhes. Though the Earl had now loſt the power of preventing diſcord, he was not inſenſible to its baneful influence—and there were times when he reproached himſelf for it. He ſaw with bitterneſs, the ill concealed impatience of Lord Lowder, and he ſaw in it the puniſhment of his unjuſt partiality. "I am now," ſaid he, "on my death-bed; not long ſhall the ſun riſe or ſet for me, or the ſeaſons move their varying round. The ſolitude of death is already upon me—of all my

nume-

numerous family, not one can endure the fatigue of watching me—not one can ſmooth the pillow of reſtleſs diſeaſe—not one can ſolace me by the unwearied efforts of kindneſs; but I have no right to murmur, I have not performed the duties of a parent. Inſtead of conſidering my children as bleſſings, who would hereafter be the prop of my age, the ſweet ſupports of declining life; I regarded them as an incumbrance, as a diminution to the wealth of my anceſtors—as endleſs claims upon my fortune. —How I am puniſhed! my ſelfiſh views have recoiled upon myſelf, and I, in my turn, am abandoned."

Thus, in ſad regrets and keen reproaches, paſſed thoſe hours, which ſeemed the harbingers of approaching diſſolution. Lord Lowder viſited him daily, and daily contemplated as nearer the termination of his cares. But the Earl, if he did not amend, was no worſe, and as ſpring approached, ſeemed even to revive.

It was one evening towards the middle of

of April, that a chaiſe was heard to paſs over the draw-bridge. The ſound was ſo unuſual, that Lord Lowder, who was with his father, went to a window to ſee who was arrived. His guilty conſcience filled him with terrors, and the image of the injured Emma inſtantly preſented itſelf to his imagination.

He vowed the bittereſt vengeance againſt Sawny;—but his terrors and his rage were ſoon appeaſed, when inſtead of the countenance he dreaded to ſee, he beheld that of a ſtranger, of a pale ſickly figure, who had every appearance of being a foreigner. His lordſhip deſcended to the hall to learn his buſineſs, for he already felt himſelf maſter of the domain. The ſtranger had alighted and enquired for the Earl;—"the Earl was too ill to ſee any one."

"Had he not two grandchildren living with him?"

"No; one was dead, and the other was a priſoner in Calabria."

The

The countenance of the ſtranger became more pallid; internal emotions ſeemed to overpower him; he clung to one of the pillars which, hung with banners and armorial bearings, ſupported the vaulted ceiling, and uttering a deep ſigh, ſunk back in the arms of Malcolm. He was immediately conveyed to an adjoining room. "What is all this," cried Lord Lowder, in a voice of perturbation.

"Some one, my Lord," replied Malcolm reproachfully, "who takes an intereſt in my dear young maſter and miſtreſs."

"Pho!" replied his lordſhip angrily.

The ſtranger opened his eyes.

"Malcolm," ſaid he, faintly, "do you not know me?"

Malcolm, in a voice of doubt, declared "he did not."

"Am I indeed ſo altered?" cried the ſtranger; "but no wonder—yet this is more dreadful than all."

"Oh! my maſter, my maſter!" exclaimed Malcolm, whom theſe tones had awakened to recollection, "my beloved maſ-

maſter!" and with a geſture almoſt frantic, he ruſhed from the room.

"What is all this," cried Lord Lowder. Then turning to the ſtranger he added. "you will excuſe me, Sir, but my father is in no ſtate to be made the dupe of artifice. If you mean to perſonate my brother, you muſt produce more inconteſtible proofs than your appearance offers.

"It is not to you, my lord," ſaid the ſtranger, riſing indignantly, "that I ſhall offer any. Your fraternal feelings have long been known to me, and I come not to claim from my father, favours, but juſtice."

So ſaying, he quitted the room, but was ſtopped in the hall by his ſiſters and Mr. Edward, followed by all the old domeſtics, whom the report of Malcolm had collected. They all with one voice exclaimed, "Impoſſible! this cannot be the Captain."

"If," ſaid the ſtranger faintly, for bitter recollections were again overpowering him, "You will ſuffer me to ſit down and be-

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compoſed, I will relate to you a tale which will remove every doubt. But where is my father?"

"In his own room, Sir," ſaid Malcolm, "and almoſt frantic to ſee you."

"Then let me go to him—let me pour my ſorrows into his boſom; he is a parent, and can judge of my anguiſh."

A ſilence of ſome minutes enſued—every one was affected—every one teſtified that they were ſo, but the ſelfiſh, the unfeeling Lord Lowder;—he advanced impatiently, exclaiming, "you ſurely would not ſee my father without ſome preparation; he is not in a ſtate to be trifled with."

The Captain looked at him reproachfully, and Malcolm ſtepping forward ſaid, "my Lord deſired that the Captain ſhould go inſtantly to him.

"I will accompany you," ſaid Mr. Edward, "lean upon me, though but a feeble ſupport, I think I can aſſiſt you at this moment."

"And I too brother," ſaid Lady Jane, "let us all go together."

They

They proceeded to the Earl's room—he was ſitting in his bed ſupported by pillows, and the moment the door opened, exclaimed, "come to me, my ſon, let me fold you once more in my arms!" The Captain advanced—and, kneeling by the ſide of the bed, felt his father's preſſure. He would have ſpoken—would have inquired for his children, but was unable.

The Earl comprehended his feelings—"my Emma is gone," ſaid he, "but Frederic will ſtill live to glad your heart."

"Oh! where, how, when did ſhe die?" ſaid the agonized parent.

He was informed—but entreated at this moment to forbear all retroſpections. But here he could not comply; no other ſubject intereſted him, and it was not till after repeated ſolicitations, that he could be drawn from it, to give an account of what had ſo long kept him from his family.

"When we were made priſoners," ſaid he, "the Captain of the Zebec, who attributed the ſlaughter of his men to my deſperate efforts, declared I ſhould ſuffer for

for my temerity. I was therefore conducted to a small place in the farthest part of the ship, where I could scarcely move, and where I suffered so much for want of air and wholesome food, that I thought my sufferings would soon be terminated in death. I was, however, reserved for greater misery; and, after all my companions were sold to slavery, I was taken to the house of the Captain, a considerable way up the country, and employed in the cultivation of a large garden; where I endured all that the cruellest tyranny could impart, without the solace of a friend, or even one to whom my language was known. Five miserable years I pined in this state, every suffering aggravated by the dread of what my children might be exposed to. My tyrant, though over his slaves he exercised the most despotic sway, was in his family kind and indulgent.

"He had two children about the age of my own. They were also a son and daughter. Insensibly I became attached to them, and from procuring for them the earliest

earlieſt fruits and flowers, and ſhowing them other little attentions, they returned my regard with heartfelt gratitude, and took every opportunity in their power of being with me. They would come to me when I was at work, and with the aptneſs of youth, learn many words of the Engliſh language, and were delighted to be inſtructed in ſuch parts of gardening, as I was able to teach them. Though the only ſolace of my ſad captivity; theſe amiable young people afforded me many moments of exquiſite delight. I thought my own dear children reſembled them, and I loved to trace in their early promiſe that ſimilarity, which I fondly believed exiſted. Month ſucceeded month, and year followed year, but theſe brought me not the liberty for which I ſo inceſſantly pined. Frequently when my amiable companions ſought me, they found me immerſed in grief. They would know the cauſe, and as we were not wholly unintelligible to each other, I told them that in my own country I had two dear children, whom I mourned to

ſee.

ſee. They heard me with attention, and promiſed to ſolicit their father for my releaſe. They did ſo—and in my hearing, but the anſwer they received was not propitious. 'It was owing to him,' ſaid the father, 'that thirty of my braveſt men were killed, and amongſt them the deareſt friend of my heart. Let him pine out his days in captivity; let him know what it is to be for ever ſeparated from thoſe we love.' His children renewed their intreaties, but he bade them, in a ſtern voice, deſiſt, 'for what he had uttered, no power on earth ſhould induce him to retract.' From this time I ſaw leſs of my amiable companions, their father forbade our intercourſe, and told them I was no object of compaſſion—at length I ſaw them no more. I enquired of one of my fellow-labourers if he knew the cauſe; he told me they had been attacked by the ſmall pox, and there was little hope of their recovery. Their father was almoſt deprived of reaſon, and had offered the moſt munificent rewards to him who ſhould ſave their lives. As I was not

igno-

ignorant of the improper manner in which this fatal diſorder is treated in that country, I aſked my companion if he thought I might be permitted to ſee them? He ſaid he had no doubt but I might, if I could ſuggeſt any thing which was likely to relieve them. I replied I had not been bred to the ſtudy of phyſic, but I had in the courſe of my profeſſion ſeen a great deal of the diſorder, and though I would not preſume to ſay I could cure them, I thought I might ſafely promiſe to give them relief.

"An opportunity ſoon offered of informing their father of this; and eager to catch at any hope, he ordered that I ſhould be inſtantly admitted. I was led to the houſe, which I had never before entered; for my dwelling had been a miſerable hut on the ſkirts of the garden; I was ſhown to a room, which I had ſcarcely entered, when the extreme heat and cloſeneſs almoſt overpowered me. Enveloped in blankets, and burning with fever, lay the two poor ſufferers, with ſcarcely a trace remaining of their former features. They looked

looked at me, but were too ill to receive pleaſure from beholding me. Their father addreſſed me in the moſt impaſſioned language, and told me if I could ſave their lives, not only liberty, but the moſt munificent gifts ſhould be mine. I aſſured him I would do every thing in my power, if he would commit them wholly to my care, but to promiſe their recovery was more than I had power to do. I pretended not even to the ſkill of a regular practitioner, all my knowledge was drawn from obſervation, but if he would rely upon that, and my beſt endeavours, I would joyfully exert every effort to accompliſh his wiſhes. After ſome deliberation he conſented to entruſt his children to my care, and the firſt exerciſe of my authority was to diveſt them of their blankets, to keep the room as cool as poſſible, and to follow to the beſt of my recollection, thoſe rules which I had ſeen ſo ſucceſsfully practiced upon the ſoldiers of my regiment. Perhaps in no period of my life had I endured more anxiety than in the preſent moment. Li-

berty, life, all was at ſtake, for I knew too well the deſpotic cruelty of my tyrant, to ſuppoſe he would let me eſcape with life, if my efforts were unſucceſsful. I quitted not the room, ſcarcely the couch, and though the diſorder exhibited the moſt malignant ſymptons, the ſtrength of the patients prevailed. Providence gave its bleſſing to my humble efforts, and I ſaw what I had hardly dared to hope, a favorable criſis arrive. The thanks and promiſes of the father were unbounded—"I ſhould have my liberty, ſhould have wealth, ſhould have honours."—The poor ſufferers, relieved from the excruciating tortures which had oppreſſed them, bleſſed me alſo, and told me with a pleaſure, which I knew their hearts participated, that I ſhould again ſee my children.

"The danger once paſſed, their recovery was rapid; but the diſorder left its fatal traces in their features. This the father no ſooner perceived, than he required of me to uſe my efforts to eraſe them. I told him that was impoſſible; and that in my

my country, we considered the preservation of life, as of so much more importance, that every thing else was secondary. He was enraged at my temerity in answering him thus, and I even perceived that, with his terrors, had fled his intention of liberating me; and this was confirmed, when a few days after I was remanded to the garden, and desired to resume my former occupation. I expostulated—I reminded him of his promise. He told me "that when he made that promise, he expected I should have restored his children to their original beauty, that any physician of his own country could have done as much as I had done, and in short, that he knew no law of the prophet, which made any promise binding to an unbeliever." I now too fatally perceived, upon what an unstable basis I had raised my hopes. I resumed my labors with a despondency which shut my heart to hope. As I toiled through the melancholy day, as I sadly dwelt upon the idea of my beloved children, I endeavoured to resign myself to my bitter destiny.

"Thy will be done, father of mercies!" ſaid I, "thou ſeeſt my oppreſſion, thou knoweſt my ſufferings; if thou permitteſt them, it is for ſome wiſe purpoſe—and I bow reſigned." Many days had not elapſed when I received a meſſage deſiring my attendance in the houſe. I was again conducted to the ſick room, where I beheld my young friends. They were not yet able to go out, and were ſeated upon mats. They aroſe at my entrance, and fled to meet me—their father was not preſent—burſting into tears, they aſſured me I ſhould ſtill be free; the promiſes which had been made me, ſhould be fulfilled; and I ſhould yet live to bleſs the name of a Moor. I thanked them in the warmeſt terms, but told them I did not expect ever to be free again; I knew their kind intentions, but their father had other views. They ſeemed hurt at my incredulity, and aſſured me I ſhould find myſelf miſtaken. Not long after their father entered. "Take that," ſaid he, preſenting me with ſome pieces of gold, "take that, and be free. The gra-

gratitude of my children wills this—you ought, indeed, better to have fulfilled your duty towards them—but they are satisfied, and have forced from me a promise, which made to the children of the faithful, is sacred. To-morrow you shall be conducted to the sea shore—in the mean time stop here;" so saying he quitted the room, and I poured, to the authors of my happiness, such thanks as my full heart dictated. Their joy was scarcely inferior to my own. They would not suffer me to quit them, till the moment of my departure, and then loading me with benedictions, and the most munificent presents, they bade me adieu with tears and regrets. I would have returned their gifts, but their father would not suffer me, saying, "as it was their own wish, and they were only disposing of their own property, it was right I should accept them." As soon as I reached the shore, I hurried on board the vessel. I watched every breeze as it fluttered in the sails, with a terror not to be described, lest any adverse gale should impede our

progreſs. At length I was again in Europe. I bleſſed the land as I put my foot upon it; and being well provided with money, I travelled with the utmoſt expedition to England. I ſoon learned that my children had been ſent into Scotland, but the good woman who gave me this information, and who had been a mother to them, told me ſhe was very uneaſy at not having heard from Emma for ſome time; and her general punctuality in writing made her apprehend ſomething muſt be the matter. I travelled hither with a heart beating with hope and dread, but I apprehended not this heavy calamity. Oh! could I have foreſeen it, how would all my long-promiſed happineſs have been embittered—I fondly flattered myſelf that in the arms of filial affection, I ſhould find the reward of all my ſufferings." Here the Captain ceaſed, and his auditors, who had, not unmoved, heard his recital, uſed every effort in their power to ſoothe him. Lord Lowder had immediately returned home. From the moment he was aſſured

his

his brother was really returned, he conſidered his towering ſchemes as already deſtroyed. It was of no avail that he had been guilty of ſuch atrocity to remove Emma, that he had gloried in Frederic's captivity, and was eager to prolong it; their father ſupplied their place, and was a claimant not leſs dangerous, nor leſs to be dreaded. He ſhut himſelf up in his own apartment, and traverſed it with diſordered ſteps. His boſom was the prey of every ſtormy paſſion. At one moment the dread of Emma's retreat being diſcovered, threatened him with diſgrace, with contempt, and ignominy;—at another, he thought this impoſſible, and flattered himſelf as his father had hitherto made no additional proviſion for younger children, and his infirmities made his diſſolution hourly expected, he would neither have inclination nor opportunity to infert any claims which ſhould militate againſt his intereſt.

In the mean time he took care to remove the ſervant, who was alone privy to Emma's retreat, to a ſufficient diſtance; he

had already been amply rewared; but as the tie which binds the wicked is very eaſily ſnapt aſunder, his lordſhip feared ſome motive more powerful than even his gold might lead to a diſcovery. Thus alternately goaded by dread and jealouſy, he paſſed his hours in miſery hardly to be deſcribed.

Whilſt her cruel perſecutor was thus ſuffering ſome of the torments he had inflicted, Emma, in the dreary ſolitude of her priſon, found the kindneſs of her humble companion hourly increaſe. Joan, who had at firſt acted from a motive of compaſſion, was ſoon won, by the amiable manners of Emma, to a more laſting regard; and though her dread of her father was unbounded, her attachment to her priſoner became ſo ſtrong, that there were few things ſhe would not have attempted to lighten her ſorrows—of her releaſe, however, ſhe had no hope—her utmoſt efforts reached not to that—ſhe conſidered it impracticable—but nothing that could ſoften the lot of captivity, did ſhe leave undone.

done. When she went to the kirk, where service was performed only once in three weeks, she took an opportunity of requesting the worthy minister, who had always distinguished not only her mother but herself, with particular kindness, to lend her some books. He readily acceded to her wishes; but asked when she would have time to read them?

She hesitated—and said they were not for herself.

The minister asked no farther questions; but from that time Emma had an occupation, which beguiled many weary hours.

It was, however, necessary to guard these from the preying eye of Sawny; who, had he known what had been done, would never have forgiven his daughter. He was, however, very frequently absent, and when he was not, the large libations which he took of his favourite whisky, disabled him from much observation. His intemperance had lately increased, and had often filled Emma with terror.

He was one day absent as usual, Joan

was employed at her quern, and Emma was ſitting at the door of the cabin reading; her eye wandered, from time to time, from her book to the expanſe of waters before her—a ſigh burſt from her to know the fate of that dear brother who had ſo lately traverſed them.

The long line of ſky and water was at length broken by a diſtant ſail; ſhe had before witneſſed ſimilar objects; and ſhe continued watching the little bark, with an anxious wiſh that it was bearing her to her dear friends. She fancied it approached the iſland—ſhe looked more attentively—ſhe was aſſured her idea was correct—a hope, almoſt undefined, burſt on her boſom—the book fell from her hands—ſhe aroſe impatiently—ſhe called Joan to obſerve the ſkiff, and to confirm the hopes warm in her boſom.

Joan teſtified much ſurpriſe—ſhe ſaid, "ſhe never remembered any boat coming to the iſland, except once, when the miniſter viſited her dear mother, a few hours before her death." The recollection filled the poor girl's

girl's eyes with tears. Emma was not ſo abſorbed in her own feelings, but ſhe could ſympathize with her humble friend.

In a ſhort time, the wind, which blew towards the iſland, brought the boat ſo near the ſhore, that they could plainly diſcern there were two men in it; and almoſt immediately Joan recogniſed her venerable friend. Whilſt ſhe ran to the ſhore to welcome him, Emma, in bitter diſappointment, ſunk upon the ground, and burſting into an agony of tears, hid her face in her hands. She ſaw not the approach of Joan and her companion, till the voice of the former, in the moſt ſoothing accents, met her ear. She lifted up her head, and ſaw a venerable looking man, whoſe countenance beamed with benevolence. He obſerved her with the moſt penetrating curioſity, and at length addreſſing her, apologiſed for what, he ſaid, he feared was an intruſion.

Emma roſe in ſilence, for her anguiſh was too great for ſpeech; at length, endeavouring to ſuppreſs her tears, ſhe ſaid, "it

was ſo long ſince ſhe had ſeen any one but Joan and her father, that ſurpriſe, and other emotions, quite overpowered her."

The miniſter looked at her with an eye of compaſſion; and then turning to Joan, aſked her when ſhe expected her father. She ſaid, "not before night." He then propoſed they ſhould return to the cabin; and when there, ſaid to Emma, "excuſe my impertinence, young lady, but I would fain aſk, what has brought you here, where I ſee you are ſo ill at eaſe?" The anguiſh of Emma prevented her anſwering. At the recollection of the cruel wrongs ſhe had endured, of the deprivations ſhe had ſuffered, her anguiſh was not to be ſuppreſſed. At length a ray of hope burſt upon the gloom—this humane being might be able to aſſiſt her. She told him her little ſtory, and concluded, by intreating him to afford her the means of eſcape.

"Alas!" ſaid he, "I fear that is beyond my power. The will of Lord Lowder is in theſe parts deſpotic beyond any thing you have an idea of. Removed, as theſe iſlands

iſlands are, from the mother country, they know not the benign influence of her protecting laws. Every land owner may be a deſpot, if not reſtrained by feelings of juſtice and humanity. My little benefice brings me in twenty-five pounds per annum; I hold it from his lordſhip; and were he informed that I even held this converſe with you, I doubt not but I ſhould immediately be deprived of my office. This, however, is not now what I mean to ſpeak of. Were I enabled to remove you hence, we are nearly ſeventy miles from the main land, and it would be impoſſible for me to convey you thither. Endeavour to ſupport your ſituation with fortitude, and be aſſured I will loſe no opportunity of ſending a letter to your grandfather; but I again aſſure you, that ſuch an opportunity occurs but very ſeldom. I will be here again as ſoon as poſſible, without the riſk of being ſuſpected, which I fear not ſo much on my account, as that it would defeat every benefit I deſire for you. I will then bring you implements for writing—you ſhall yourſelf

yourſelf addreſs your grandfather; and I do not deſpair, in time, of finding ſome means of getting your letter forwarded. Let me, however, intreat you not to be diſcouraged, if I ſhould not be here as ſoon as you expect. I know Lord Lowder's character, and it is neceſſary to be very circumſpect. Should he have any idea of what is going forward, he might remove you to ſome more dreary ſpot, where no friend would ever hear of you again."

Emma doubted not the truth of this repreſentation; yet to ſit down contented with her wrongs, whilſt her indignant ſpirit every moment revolted againſt them, was a claim upon her forbearance ſhe was ſcarcely equal to.

She thanked her venerable friend, but aſſured him, there was no danger ſhe would not brave, rather than endure, the miſeries which made her exiſtence a burden.

"Do not," ſaid he, "be precipitate; you know not Lord Lowder, if you ſuppoſe

you

you can openly oppoſe his power. Even life and death are his—and the miſerable Sawny, who is his predial ſlave, dare not oppoſe his will. Rely upon my endeavours, however tardy, and be aſſured, I will not forget you."

Emma again repeated her thanks.

"As yet," replied he, "you owe me nothing. My good wiſhes alone are your's. I was drawn hither by the ſtrange requeſt of Joan for books, which I knew ſhe had no leiſure to read; and there was alſo in her manner ſomething myſterious. Theſe neglected iſlands have been the ſcene of ſo many cruel oppreſſions, that I feared I hardly knew what. During the forty years that I have been a miniſter here, I have witneſſed many crying outrages; but my ſingle voice has never reached the land where alone atonement is ſecured: it is of little uſe the wiſh, where the power is ſo feeble; nor does it avail to the injured, that they may claim redreſs, when the ſpot where they muſt go to ſeek it, is one they can never hope to viſit."

After

After much more discourse on the same subject, and repeated promises of not forgetting her, the worthy minister departed, leaving with her his benediction, his wishes, and his prayers.

When he was gone, she endeavoured to collect her scattered thoughts; for she hardly knew whether he had left her more or less miserable. The difficulties he had pointed out had almost deadened her heart to hope; and she sat weeping over her sad destiny, when Joan, who had retired on finding the minister wished to converse with her, returned. She endeavoured to strengthen the feeble hopes of Emma, and assured her, she might safely rely on one, who was always better than his promise.

In the midst of their discourse Sawny unexpectedly returned, he had been cutting kelp in a distant part of the island, and his appearance occasioned not more surprize than embarrasment. He addressed Joan in terms more than usually ferocious, and taxed her with wasting all her time in

in idle talking —He demanded why ſhe was not employed? and, as was no unuſual cuſtom, ſtruck her in the moſt cruel manner. Emma, who as ſoon as he entered, had retired to her own room, heard the whole of his diſcourſe, and had ſhe dared, or could ſhe have hoped, it would have been effectual, would have openly expoſtulated—but ſhe had witneſſed too much to hope any thing from the juſtice of Sawny. The oppreſſion, under which he himſelf groaned, he ſeemed eager to perpetuate to his daughter, and ſhe was the conſtant victim of his ungoverned paſſions—of his cruelty and intemperance.

Emma's terrors were encreaſed by the dread that the viſit of the miniſter had been diſcovered—but here her terrors were ſoon relieved, for no notice was taken of it. Joan, in ſilent tears, reſumed her labors, and Emma, unable to occupy herſelf, paſſed the hours in ſad vacuity.

Though thus cruelly treated, the heart of Joan had ſuffered no degradation—and num-

numberleſs were the proofs Emma received that this oppreſſed child of humanity had a mind which would have done honour to any ſtation, and a ſenſe of rectitude, which not even the moſt worthleſs parent could corrupt. Whatever might originally have been his character, the ſtate of ſlavery in which he lived had ſunk him to the loweſt vices. Preſent indulgence was his only aim, and habits of inebriety his only delight. The work allotted him to perform was frequently left to his daughter, who, if ſhe did not complete it as well as her own ſhare, was ſure of the moſt cruel treatment.

To Emma, whoſe heart was formed for kindneſs, theſe ſcenes were moſt dreadful, and could her ſufferings have admitted of encreaſe, this would have been it.

Several weeks paſſed away, and ſhe heard nothing from the miniſter—ſhe did not ſuſpect he had forgot her, for his heart was the ſeat of benevolence, but ſhe was convinced no opportunity had offered of his ſerving her. This idea filled her heart

heart with deſpondence—and made her days paſs in the moſt deplorable manner. She would ſit hours, watching the ſurrounding ocean, to ſee if ſome friendly ſail might not break its monotonous line—but none appeared—no welcome ſound of oars was heard—nothing but the ſcream of the numerous birds, with which the iſland abounded, or now and then a diſtant ſkiff, which had ſome other deſtination. To add to her uneaſineſs, Sawny, who had hitherto been employed at a diſtance from home, was now occupied in collecting ſea-weed for manure, which kept him within ſight of the hut, and made him its frequent inmate. Whilſt he was away, ſhe had known but half her ſorrows—his ſociety completed them.

Dead to all hopes, abandoned to the moſt ſickly deſpondence, and looking only for conſolation in the grave, ſhe would ſit hours in her ſolitary cabin, recalling the paſt, and dwelling upon images ſhe believed herſelf never more deſtined to behold.

Her

Her only relief was walking on the ſea-ſhore, loſt in thought or ſaddened with anguiſh. She was one morning ſauntering here, watching the motions of the birds, who found a reſidence amongſt the rocks, and now and then caſting a wiſtful look towards the ocean, when the feeble rays of the ſun fell upon a diſtant ſpeck. In a ſhort time it encreaſed—and ſhe at length diſtinguiſhed a veſſel of a larger ſize than any ſhe had ever noticed. She looked at it with much perturbation, for the promiſe of the miniſter had not wholly forſaken her, but ſhe feared to indulge hopes which might terminate as bitterly as thoſe ſhe had already formed. She aſcended the neighbouring cliff, and ſitting down upon its point, kept her eye ſteadily fixed on one intereſting object, till ſhe was convinced it approached the iſland.

Joan was out, gathering kelp, and her father was ferrying cattle to another iſland. She had therefore no one to whom to communicate the hopes which her heart now warmly admitted. Her countenance glowed

glowed with animation, her breath was almoſt ſuſpended, ſhe roſe, ſat down, and roſe again. At length ſhe ſaw the veſſel anchor about half a mile from the ſhore—a boat was inſtantly let down, which ſeveral men entered—and rowed towards the beach. She flew down the cliff, uttering an involuntary and hyſteric ſcream of joy, and fixing herſelf on the edge of the ſhore, her hands claſped, her boſom beating tumultuouſly, and her eyes almoſt burſting from their ſockets, ſhe watched with agonized impatience, the boat as it came nearer. At length it entered the creek—ſhe could not ſpeak—ſhe could not move—ſhe could only look and wonder. A perſon, whom ſhe never remembered to have ſeen ſprang on the ſhore, and with emotions almoſt equal to her own, advanced towards her—and folded her in his arms.

Great as was her joy at the proſpect of deliverance, there was ſomething in the conduct of the ſtranger particularly offenſive

ſive to her; and ſhe drew back with an air of the coldeſt reſerve.

The ſtranger perceived it—and gazing fondly upon her, whilſt in ſpite of her reſiſtance his arm incircled her waiſt, "beloved child of my heart," exclaimed he, "am I indeed ſo little known to you?" The aſtoniſhed Emma, loſing every feeling of hope and terror in the ſudden recollection which overpowered her, threw herſelf at the feet of the ſtranger, exclaiming, "Oh! my father!" and fainted away.

The Captain, for it was indeed him, raiſed her inſtantly, and in a few minutes ſhe revived. No ſooner was ſhe convinced ſhe indeed ſaw her father, than tranſports of joy and thankfulneſs burſt from her, and ſhe gave vent to thoſe glowing emotions, almoſt too powerful for her agitated frame. He again clapſed her to his boſom, and ſaid, leading her towards the boat, "let us haſten from this cruel ſpot; dear, injured object of the baſeſt perſecution!

ſecution! I have much to tell you, but we will reſerve it for ſome future moment."

Emma, with a heart lightened of all its cares, accompanied her father to the boat, and the only regret ſhe felt, was in not being able to bid Joan adieu, but her father aſſured her he would not fail to deviſe ſome ſubſtantial means of befriending her as ſoon as they were ſafe in Scotland.

Long and ardently as Emma had prayed for this emancipation, it ſeemed now ſo inconceivable, and effected by means ſo much beyond the power of human probability, that there were moments when ſhe was tempted to doubt its reality—She regarded her father with wonder and delight—and as the receding ſhore faded from her view, fond pictures of home, and of recovered joys, filled her boſom. Her firſt ſolicitude, after ſhe had ſomewhat recovered her compoſure, was for her brother; but here ſhe received no ſatisfaction; and ſhe ſoon found that even her preſent happineſs was not without alloy, the miſeries of capti-

captivity ſhe could but too feelingly appreciate, and ſhe trembled leſt the impatient ſpirit of her brother ſhould eſſay ſome deſperate means for freedom. She was moſt anxious to learn the narrative of her father's ſufferings, and what could ſo long have detained him from his family, and given them reaſon to ſuppoſe him dead.

He related to her every particular, and if her heart had bled for her own ſufferings, what did it not do for his?

He endeavoured to ſoothe her by the kindeſt language, and ſaid, as their ſorrows were now over, the remembrances of them ought not to cloud preſent felicity. He then proceeded to tell her, that after he had been ſome time in Scotland, where her ſuppoſed death had embittered all his promiſed happineſs; the Earl one day received a letter, which as he was incapable of reading himſelf, he gave to him, the perſon who brought it, ſaying it was of much conſequence, and was to be delivered to nobody but the Earl. The Captain opened it with perturbation, ſuppoſing

that it in ſome way related to Frederic—but what his joy, his aſtoniſhment, his indignant anguiſh, when he found it was from the miniſter of one of the weſtern Hebrides, ſtating that a grand-daughter of the Earl's had been taken from her friends, and was kept a priſoner in an adjacent iſland. The Captain inſtantly determined to go himſelf to his daughter, and ſcarcely ſtopped to make the neceſſary preparations for his voyage, or to hear the parental anguiſh of the Earl, at the diſcovery of ſuch conduct in his ſon. He travelled with the utmoſt expedition to the neareſt port, where hiring a veſſel he embarked, and a favourable wind ſoon carried him to the object of all his ſolicitude.

"Oh!" exclaimed Emma, "how ſhall we ever reward the worthy miniſter?"

"His conduct," replied the captain, "does the higheſt honour to his heart. He declares in his letter, that though he knows he ſhall be ſacrificed to the vengeance of his lordſhip, yet he could not live in peace, with the knowledge that a human

being was doomed to ſuch endleſs miſery, from which an effort of his might ſave her. He added, he had been ſome time eſſaying if no other means could be deviſed of informing the young lady's family of her unfortunate ſituation; but none offering, he had reſolved to temporiſe no longer; and if his worldly proſperity muſt be the acrifice, he knew how to ſubmit, and to look for remuneration from that heavenly maſter, whoſe vengeance was pointed againſt the oppreſſor, and who would not fail to reward the well-meant endeavours of the meaneſt of his creatures."

"Kind, worthy being!" exclaimed Emma; "how exquiſite the delight of rewarding ſuch benevolence! It is ſweet to receive favours, but it is far ſweeter to confer them!"

"Heaven ſtrengthen that feeling!" ſaid her father, fondly embracing her. "Oh! what delight, after ſuch years of miſery, to be thus rewarded in a child!"

As ſoon as they landed, they haſtened to the caſtle, where Emma was received with the

the moſt heartfelt welcome. Her grandfather, preſſing her fondly to his boſom, could only tell her his joy, and aſſure her, that all her paſt ſufferings ſhould be atoned for.

Lord Lowder was no ſooner informed of the diſcovery which had been made, than vowing the bittereſt vengeance not only againſt Sawny, but the miniſter, haſtened with his family to his eſtate in the iſlands, where in bitter regret, impotent threats, and all the torments of a jealous and vindictive temper, he paſſed his days in acts of tyranny towards thoſe who were his unhappy vaſſals, and in becoming an object of terror and deteſtation to all with whom he was connected.

The ſole remaining care of Emma and her father, was now Frederic's ſituation; but even from this they were happily relieved.

With the aſſiſtance of Joe, he effected his eſcape to the Engliſh camp, where he was received by his brother officers with the moſt hearty welcome. Of Emma's ſup-

poſed death, and impriſonment, he knew nothing, till after her reſtoration to her friends, when, with the welcome return of his father, it was imparted to him. Indignation at her wrongs almoſt ſuperſeded the joy with which his boſom throbbed at the miraculous preſervation of his father.

He wrote in the firſt warmth of his feelings; and his joy and his reſentment were unbounded: he ſpoke of the return of his father with all the delight he felt, but threatened, with exemplary puniſhment, the author of the barbarous outrage againſt his ſiſter.

The captain immediately wrote to him, and commanded him to remember it was his uncle he menaced; who, however he had violated the ties of relationſhip, and the laws of honour, was moſt ſeverely and moſt properly puniſhed in the diſappointment of his flagitious deſigns, and in the contempt which every where followed him.

This temporizing ſpirit ſuited not the warm feelings of Frederic: his imagination

repreſented to him his beloved Emma's wrongs, and all ſhe muſt have endured from terror and deprivation.

At length his attention was called to the ſcenes immediately around him — the ſtruggle was yet undecided between the French and Engliſh—the bloody torch of war burned with ſanguinary fury, and to conquer, or die, ſeemed the determination of all. But, though valour was oppoſed to valour, the Engliſh were triumphant, and retired from the field, loaded with hard-earned laurel. Frederic was the foremoſt in every danger, and received not only the thanks of the commander, but was promoted to the rank of a lieutenant.

The account of his valour, and of his general good conduct, was received by his father with unfeigned delight, who, in the virtues of his children, taſted the pureſt happineſs this world can beſtow.

At length Frederic returned with his regiment to England; he haſtened into Scotland, where his preſence had been ſo long

long desired, and where it communicated general pleasure.

The earl did not long survive the restoration of his son; but before he died, he altered his will, leaving to Lord Lowder only such parts of the property as he could not alienate, and the rest to be equally divided amongst his younger children.

Lord Lowder, when he heard of this distribution of wealth, which he believed so exclusively his own, and to secure which, he had involved himself in such infamy, burst into paroxysms of rage, which made every one who could, fly from his presence. Yet the pain he inflicted, was far short of what he endured; disappointed ambition—repining discontent—and an upbraiding conscience, lent their sting to harrass him perpetually, and to teach him, that there is no happiness in titles or wealth, when the heart is a stranger to virtue.

The worthy minister, who had so kindly befriended Emma, was presented by the captain to a valuable benefice, which, in the

the diſtribution of his father's property, had fallen to his ſhare. Joan alſo was taken from her miſerable ſlavery, to be the attendant of Emma: Sawny fell a victim to intemperance—having drank more than uſual of his favourite beverage, and being obliged to climb the rocks in ſearch of eggs, he fell from a ſummit, and was killed upon the ſpot.

Captain Perçival removed to the village, where he had once taſted ſuch perfect happineſs; he re-purchaſed his cottage, and ſettled at it with his children. He had ſuffered too much in the toilſome life of a ſoldier, not to be glad to reſign his commiſſion, when a broken conſtitution, and a debilitated frame, required reſt.

Among thoſe who welcomed them with the moſt perfect delight, were Mr. and Mrs. Fuller, whoſe old age was made comfortable by the munificence of the captain, and the grateful affection of his children.

Joe, who had ſo faithfully ſhared his maſter's fatigues and dangers, was now a partaker

partaker of his happier fortune; he would often sit, and recount to his brothers and sisters the happiness he had experienced since he forsook the path of vice; and exhorted them at all times to remember, that there is no misery which does not admit of alleviation, but that which results from guilt; nor any happiness which is unclouded, but that which is the recompence of an approving conscience.

END OF THE SECOND VOLUME.

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